

Familiarity Breeds Contempt

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Familiarity Breeds Contempt

by [JanetBaby99](#)

Summary

“What are you talking about?” He asks nervously.

“Well, you hate me, and I don’t really like you. Wanna fuck it out of me? Or like, let me fuck you or something?”

“... are you fucking serious right now?!” Sapnap growls, pushing George.

“It’s just an idea. And I mean, come on, it’s kind of perfect timing. I’m horny, Dream’s out of the house for once, and you’ve got some kind of problem with me. Perfect scenario for hate sex.”

Sapnap hates George, as much as he loves him. After a physical fight leads to hate sex, things spiral out of control for both them and Dream who gets roped into it all.

Notes

My beloved wife [Selvish](#) helped me come up with this idea and beta read it for me!!

Please be aware this is based off of Sapnap slapping George at Twitchcon, they are very rough with each other in this first chapter and I would advise everyone to read through the tags fully before reading.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“You’re such a fucking asshole,” Sapnap growls, feeling heated anger simmer beneath his skin like lava, bubbling and churning inside of him and threatening to burn him up entirely.

“Oh yeah?” George cackles, looking thoroughly amused at pissing Sapnap off so much. He always is. Something about making people angry to the point of violence has always makes him laugh. Sapnap can understand it to an extent, he loves instigating fights. He likes angering Punz and pissing Dream off, but *never* to the extent that George does. The thing about George is he’s good at picking out insecurities and hounding in on them. If Sapnap hadn’t known George for as long as he has, he’d never speak to him again for some of the shit that he’s said to him, not that that is really an option now that they live together.

It was never this bad when George still lived in England either. It was manageable, tolerable, but this... this is *awful*. It’s inescapable now that they’re together, he can’t just log off and disconnect and hang up the phone to get away from his antagonistic behavior. If he walks away, George follows. If he ignores him, George just pesters him even more.

He misses Dream. If Dream was here, George would bug him instead, but nooo he wanted to go stay a few days with some family without them. He wants to shake him and tell him to take George with him like he’s some kind of inconvenience. He actually is, if Sapnap is being honest. A big, massive, inconvenient pain in his ass.

George isn’t subtle about his favoritism for Dream over him either. It used to hurt, but right now it only adds to the anger fuming inside of him because he knows George would never treat Dream like this, just him. He feels like a ticking time bomb, one wrong move from George and Sapnap is going to lose his shit.

“Yeah,” Sapnap snips. “You’re a fucking *cunt* .”

George only laughs louder, head back against the couch with his stupidly big mouth open. “Sapnap, Sapnap, seriously,” he giggles, clutching his stomach. “Do you ever stop and listen to yourself like really? You know- oh my god, you know what you remind me of?” He sits up excitedly, a light in his eyes that puts a pit of dread in Sapnap’s stomach for whatever it is that is about to come out of that man’s mouth. “You remind me of a yappy little dog, you know, those ones that never fucking shut up?” he leans forward, a dare obvious in his smirk. “Tries to fight dogs ten times its size like it’s going to win.”

Sapnap’s jaw snaps shut, teeth grinding together as his face goes red. His fists clench at his sides, wanting to knock that smug smile right off George’s stupid fucking face.

“You look like one too.”

That’s fucking *it* .

Sapnap launches himself at George, balled fist out and ready with anger so burning hot his vision goes white around the edges, locked in on George and George alone. His knuckles make contact with his smooth cheek, pain blooming in his hand as George’s head whips to the side.

George’s jaw drops in shock, even Sapnap is a bit surprised at himself, enough that the anger is squelched for just a second.

He actually just did that. He just punched the shit out of George.

And then George fucking *laughs* .

He brings his hand up, cupping his face that's red from the impact as he looks back at Sapnap with such mirth in his eyes it makes his shoulders shake with barely contained rage.

"You hit me!" he cackles. "I can't believe you! That hurt, what?"

"Shut up, just shut up!" Sapnap growls, frustration hitting him like a train.

"Wait so do I get to hit you now?" George stands up, putting a healthy dose of fear in him. Not that he doesn't think he could take George in a fight but just because George seems absolutely insane right now, shoulders so tight that Sapnap swears he's really and actually pissed for once. Sapnap doesn't think he's ever seen George genuinely mad like this, ever.

"No no no," Sapnap backs away.

"Yes! It's only fair, come here," George walks towards him, a wild fury in his eyes. "Come here!"

Sapnap, unashamedly, takes off running.

George is hot on his heels, fully ready to beat the shit out of him. His heart is in his throat right now, beating a million miles an hour as he tears off down the hall. He'd dip into his room, but the door is shut and George is far too close to have time to open it. He runs past it to Dream's, only to find it shut too, leaving only one option that's close enough.

He darts into George's bedroom, spinning around to shut the door right in his face.

George beats him to it, a wild look in his eyes as he shoves his foot in the doorway so Sapnap can't get it to shut in time. George throws his entire body weight against the door, knocking into Sapnap so hard he stumbles back, the door flying out of his hands and slamming into the wall as George barrels into him.

The force of it all knocks them onto the bed just barely, and belatedly Sapnap knows that could have been an instant concussion if they hadn't, but he has no time to think about it when suddenly George is sitting on his hips, fist raised and ready.

Sapnap braces for it, squeezing his eyes shut and hoping George doesn't hit him too hard. He's going to get a black eye, or he's going to break his nose, and then Dream is going to be pissed at them for fighting and-

Suddenly, George laughs, that hysterical kind of laugh where he's cackling endlessly. "Did you really think I was going to hit you? Oh my god, and the way you ran from me, you really are one of those stupid little dogs, huh?"

Sapnap cracks his eyes open, looking up at George.

The second he does, he slaps him.

Burning pain erupts in his cheek, but it's not nearly as bad as he was expecting, or half as hard as he hit George to be fair.

George grabs his face, not allowing him to look away, and squeezes his cheeks together like a fish. "You look so stupid right now." He comments, cold and downright *pissed*.

Sapnap's eyes water. If anyone ever asked, he'd swear it was from the hit. "So do you, you stupid

bitch.” He bites out despite the slur in his words from how hard George is holding his face. He grabs his wrist, trying to pull him off to no avail. How can someone look so innocent with his wide brown eyes and pretty fluffy hair, and somehow be so awful? Because that’s what he is, he’s *awful* and Sapnap thinks that in that very moment he actually does hate him.

“Don’t ever hit me again,” George smiles cruelly.

Sapnap gulps. A chilling rush of fear at his tone and demeanor floods his system.

“Got it?” He squeezes his cheeks again.

Sapnap roughly shoves at George to get him off of him, but George doubles down, pinning him against the bed with a surprising amount of strength.

Being pinned down combined with how George is sitting on his hips? He doesn’t stand a chance.

His treacherous dick twitches in his shorts and there’s no shot George didn’t feel it.

His eyes light up with that family, crazed mirth. “What was that?”

“What?” Sapnap asks. *Deny deny deny.*

“Was that your dick?”

“No.”

George rocks his hips again. “It is! It is, did you like it? Was it the slap?”

“It wasn’t anything. Get off of me!” Sapnap yells, so embarrassed he wishes he could melt into the bed.

“Oh, it was definitely something,” George grinds down against him again. “What is it? Tell me, come on, Sap, say it.”

“It will be something if you don’t fucking quit, dumbass!” Sapnap growls.

“Do you want it to be something?” George asks, fingers still gripping his chin.

Sapnap freezes.

George stays still too, and though there’s amusement dancing in his keen eyes, there’s a serious note in his voice, leaving no room for Sapnap to make a joke.

“What are you talking about?” He asks nervously. He gulps, swallowing down his nerves. Has George caught on to his little crush he’s been harboring for him? Is he about to tease him for that too now?

“Well, you hate me, and I don’t really like you. Wanna fuck it out of me? Or like, let me fuck you or something?”

“... are you fucking serious right now?” Sapnap growls, pushing George. Surprisingly, he lets him up with ease, which puts Sapnap in a predicament because... he didn’t want him to let him up.

“It’s just an idea. And I mean, come on, it’s kind of perfect timing. I’m horny, Dream’s out of the house for once, and you’ve got some kind of *problem* with me. Perfect scenario for hate sex.”

Sapnap stares up at George, jaw dropped, flabbergasted at the mere notion.

Fuck George? Like... right now? Right here?

George is looking less amused by the second, nose turning up in a sneer. "Well?"

"I..." Sapnap looks around the room wildly. Is there a hidden camera somewhere? If he says yes will George immediately make fun of him for it?

George leans down so close their noses bump together. "Come on, Sap, answer me."

Fuck fuck fuck, he wants to kiss him so bad.

"Yeah," he breathes, bracing for the worst of it at the admission.

Instead, George kisses him.

It's tentative, chaste, with none of the heat from just seconds before to be found. It's a gentle reminder that this is George. No matter how frustrating and irritating he is, Sapnap loves him more than he could ever put into words, despite it all.

And then George bites his lip. It's rough and hard and mean and copper fills his mouth from the force of his teeth digging into tender skin. His anger flares back instantaneously, the taste of blood adding to the ferocity of the kiss. He sucks on his lip, determined to dig his teeth into his lip just as hard. George makes a sound in his mouth, licking behind his teeth as their tongues slide against one another. He grabs hold of Sapnap's chin, slipping his thumb into his mouth as he pulls away. There's a glint in his eyes as he spits into his mouth, holding eye contact with Sapnap to see how angry it makes him no matter how hot it is.

"Did you just fucking spit on me?"

"In you actually," George smirks. "Swallow it."

Sapnap's chest rises and falls heavily. He should spit it back at him right in his stupidly handsome face.

He swallows. It makes him feel *owned*.

George's satisfaction is palpable. He pats his cheek cruelly one last time before letting go and pulling himself from his lap. "Strip."

"What if I don't want to?" Sapnap challenges, though he's already reaching to pull at the edges of his hoodie.

"Then leave," George snaps. "And I'll jerk off without you."

Sapnap pulls his hoodie off in record time at that threat. Excitement thrums through his veins, heightening his senses as he swallows the remains of George's spit and blood that lingers on his tongue.

George pulls his shirt off too, and shoves his pants down quickly, leaving himself in nothing but his briefs that cling tight to his hips, slung low enough he can see the tantalizing trail of hair from his navel that disappears beneath the elastic band.

Sapnap blushes, self-confidence dropping. George is lean and fit, with no pudge to be found. His body isn't overly hairy, not as hairy as Sapnap anyways. He's cute, and petite, and Sapnap isn't at

all ashamed of the muscle he's built up from skating and working out, but it makes him feel bulky in comparison.

He pushes down his shorts, albeit a bit slower than he did his hoodie. At least George doesn't tease him about his looks beyond maybe his hair when it gets a little too long.

"Underwear too," George adds.

"You still have yours on," Sapnap frowns.

"Fine, at the same time then, one two three," George suddenly pushes his underwear down, letting them drop to the floor around his ankles.

Sapnap stares. It's not the first time he's seen George's dick, surprisingly, but it's definitely the first he's seen it in this context. He doesn't think he's ever even really looked at it, the only time he saw was when he, George, and Dream had a dick measuring contest once.

He's not cut, and he's soft still as he takes himself in hand. George blushes, looking bashful for the first time since they started this.

Sapnap hesitantly follows his lead, pushing his underwear down and off too. Unfortunately unlike George, he's already semi-hard, and he quickly takes himself in hand too to hide it.

"... Now what?" George asks, unsure.

"I don't know," Sapnap scoffs. "This was your idea."

"Umm..." George looks around before walking off to his nightstand. Sapnap stares, watching his ass while he walks. It's cute.

He bends down, retrieving something from the drawer before crawling onto the bed. He drops the bottle into the mess of sheets and hesitantly crawls closer to Sapnap.

"Can I touch you?" George asks, oddly polite for once.

"Um... yeah? Isn't that the point?" Sapnap snips.

George glowers at him, swinging his leg across his lap as he plants himself square in Sapnap's lap.

Sapnap feels his face go red, but at least George is blushing just as much as he is.

To try and make things a little better, Sapnap reaches up, wrapping his hand around George's neck to pull him in for a kiss. It's full of gnashing teeth and hints of lingering animosity that grows with every sharp nip and bite. George grinds down in his lap every time Sapnap bites him, encouraging him on.

"Mmm, hit me," George frees himself, ordering against his lips. "You're being too soft right now."

"What?" Sapnap asks, fighting to get in close for another kiss to no avail.

"Come on, idiot," George sneers. "Hit me. Do something."

"Why the fuck do you want me to hit you right now?"

"I don't know, it's hot. You were angry with me, now you're a pussy. Just do it. Hit me."

So Sapnap does. Who could turn down an opportunity like that presenting itself on a silver platter?

He winds his hand back, smacking George so hard his head twists to the side.

He pants, looking back down at Sapnap with deep satisfaction twinkling in his eyes. "Again."

Sapnap doesn't hesitate, putting all the anger he's accumulated over the past few days into the hit, smacking George again. He doesn't let him turn his head, he grabs hold of his chin after, pulling him to look into his eyes.

"You're such a freak," Sapnap spits, grinning when a stray bit of spit lands on George's red cheek.

"You're disgusting," George counters, wiping his face off. He surges forward, stealing kiss after kiss, pushing Sapnap back against the bed until his head hits the pillow. Desperate hands grab at his waist, pulling him to roll over.

Confused, but willing, Sapnap follows his lead and rolls onto his stomach.

Embarrassment floods his system as George pushes him down onto his hands and knees, his ass up in the air and exposed to his hungry gaze.

Thankfully, George doesn't leave him hanging for too long. He plasters himself against his back, Sapnap's hazy brain zeroing in on the press of his half-hard cock against his lower back as he kisses along his neck. Never in his life did he ever think George would be kissing his neck, but he is, he's sucking nasty bruises into his skin, harsh bite marks littering every inch of him he can reach until his cock twitches at the dull ache that radiates from his cruel teeth. George sucks hickeys down his spine, delicate hands running over his sides until Sapnap shivers, which earns a little laugh.

As he makes his way to the small of his back, his hands disappear, followed by the click of the bottle that had been discarded in his bed earlier.

Nerves eat away at his stomach, and he can't help the scared little "George" that leaves his lips.

"What?"

"I... I'm nervous." He admits, swallowing back his pride.

George pauses, and for a brief second Sapnap is terrified that he's going to make fun of him for this too. George always has a way of surprising him though, because as much of an absolute asshole he is, he's also caring in his own way.

"Wanna switch?" he asks gently.

"Um..." Sapnap gnaws on his split lip from their violent kisses. "No, just... whatever, go for it," he shakes his head.

George pinches his inner thigh, startling a yelp out of him. "What the hell?!"

"If you want me to go slow, just ask, don't be a pussy about it," George grumbles, sliding his wet fingers along the curve of Sapnap's balls.

He stifles the sound that threatens to rip from his chest at the action, taking an unsteady breath. George trails his fingertips up the cleft of his ass, pushing against his rim.

He clenches around nothing, shoulders tense.

George circles his rim, rubbing at the puckered entrance until he slides the first finger in.

Sapnap's had sex before, sure, but he has no idea how to do it with *George*. The air is growing awkward as he gently pumps the finger in and out, and Sapnap can't help but do what he does best.

"Would you hurry the fuck up?"

"I thought you wanted me to go slow," George scoffs, keeping up the painfully slow rhythm.

"You're the one that said that, not me. Hurry up."

"Oh," George pauses. "So you want it rough?"

"Yeah, dumbass," Sapnap tacks on a rude name just to get a better reaction out of him.

It works.

"Alright fine," George huffs, a second finger prodding at his rim. It slips in beside the first, filling him nicely with the barest hint of stretch. He moves them roughly, curling them up and searching for his prostate with every jam of his fingers in and out.

"*Ah*," a breathy gasp leaves him, cock painfully hard. It's so embarrassing, and George uses the noises he's drawing from him as an excuse to speed up, go harder, faster, until Sapnap is keening into the sheets, fingers digging into the bedding beneath him.

A third finger is added, and while it's a bit uncomfortable, George doesn't give him a second to adjust, continuing his brutal pace.

"George," Sapnap moans, dropping his head between his shoulders.

He withdraws his fingers, much to his displeasure, using his thumbs to hold Sapnap's ass open.

"Please," he whines, hating how he could feel George's eyes examining his most private area so casually.

George suddenly smacks his ass, pain stinging through the area that reddens under his hand. He doesn't hesitate to do it again, landing another quick hit against his skin. Sapnap moans, dropping his head. Unashamedly he wiggles his hips back in offering, asking for more silently.

Of course, George doesn't let him get away with that.

"What do you want, Sap?" he rubs his hands over the dip of his hips and up to the small of his back. It's comforting, or at least, the closest thing he's gotten to comfort since they started.

"I'm not fucking saying it," Sapnap snaps.

"Well, then I guess you're not getting it then, hmm?"

His ears burn and his chest heaves, shoulders shaking. "George, come on."

"How am I supposed to guess what you want?"

"Just... spank me again, damn, you're so fucking annoying," Sapnap hides his face in the bed, humiliation burning through him so hot he thinks he's going to melt.

"Good dog."

“George you fucking bit- *ah*,” Sapnap whines at another sharp hit landed to his other cheek.

He grabs handfuls of his cheeks, massaging them roughly in his hands.

“George come on,” Sapnap begs.

“Alright,” he sighs dramatically, taking his hands away with one last pop of his hand to his tender cheek.

He picks up the lube once more, squirting a healthy amount into his hand. Sapnap can hear the slick squelch of his fist working over his cock, filling the silent air and sounding so lewd his stomach clenches.

Once he’s finished, he slaps his wet hand against his back, using him to wipe the lube from his hand.

“George!” Sapnap shrieks, squirming to get away. “That’s so fucking nasty.”

“Don’t care,” he giggles, wiping his knuckles off on him some more, the same hand that had smacked him so hard not that long ago. The change of events today has been wild, Sapnap is still reeling from it all.

His left hand disappears as his right grips his hips tightly, the blunt and velvety head of his cock sliding between his cheeks. George wiggles closer, planting his knees into the bed firmly. He lets his cock slide up and down a few times, teasing and coy until Sapnap feels like he’s going to die if George doesn’t fuck him already.

“Come on,” he grumbles.

“You’re so demanding,” George chides. “What if I want to fuck you just like this?”

“Yeah well I want you to actually fuck me, so if you could get a move on.”

George digs his nails into his sides suddenly, scraping down his delicate skin and drawing a shaky breath out of Sapnap. “Such a feisty kitten.”

“Can you not start with the kitten bullshit with your dick in my ass-”

His growing frustration is cut off as George lines his cock up with his hole, pushing in in one quick solid thrust. He has no time at all to adjust to his size, an ache in his lower back as a hint of pain makes him gasp once again.

“What’s wrong, Sap?” George pauses, rubbing his back in an oddly sweet way. “You were so tough earlier, what happened?”

He’s completely still, despite his teasing, and Sapnap knows he’s genuinely asking if he’s okay. He appreciates it more than he’d ever let George know. “I’m fine, just...” he hesitates, not wanting to show any weakness but this isn’t going to be fun otherwise. “Give me a second. It’s a lot.”

“Glad you think it’s big,” George snorts. He also doesn’t move though, just like Sapnap requested.

Sapnap rolls his eyes, focusing on his breathing to help himself relax since George isn’t much use. After a while, he nods, grabbing the bedding below tightly. “Alright, go for it.”

George doesn’t hesitate.

He pulls out and slams into him roughly, so hard the headboard knocks against the wall above them. Sapnap jolts, jaw dropping open. "Holy fuck, George."

"What?" George keeps going, digging his nails into his hips, tiny pinpricks of pain littering his sides. He uses it to pull him into his thrusts, using him like a toy without regard. George rolls his hips, angling his thrusts until pleasure courses up his spine and a soft noise leaves his lips.

"Ow," he whimpers. "George."

"You're such a baby," George laughs breathily, rutting into him. He leans over, pressing his lips against his back, his teeth grazing down his spine as he fucks into him. It's a threat, and Sapnap moans when his teeth dig into him, working bruises down his back while pounding into him.

George fucks like he's been starved for it, all the anger and frustration that has built up between them turning into something violent and brutal. Sapnap chokes on his own spit that pools in his mouth, jaw dropped in an almost constant silent moan, gasping for breath. Every thrust brushes against that spot inside of him that makes him see stars even with his eyes squeezed shut.

His arms are starting to give out, his voice going hoarse from the moans and cries that are leaving his mouth with every punched-out breath. He slumps down, tired and so *so* close, only for George to grab him by his hips and yank him back into position with another slap on the ass that makes Sapnap's stomach tremble.

"George George George please, come on please I'm so close touch me please--"

"Touch yourself," George orders. "I'm busy."

Sapnap scowls. "You're the worst."

"I think I'm doing a good job," George counters, letting out a soft moan, squeezing his hips.

"Just touch my dick," Sapnap begs.

"Fine, whatever," George reaches around his waist to grip his neglected cock that throbs in his hand. Sapnap's back arches, writhing beneath him pathetically with just a few strokes. He's not even doing it well, but having him touching him like this makes his brain short-circuit and his blood boil. Sapnap's hips snap up, chasing the feeling of his hand and back onto his cock, trapped in the pleasure of it all.

George's hips speed up, jack rabbiting into him without care before thrusting into him one final time, hot come spilling and coating his insides. His hand stills and Sapnap bites back a snarl as he smacks his useless hand away so he can jerk himself off. It's hard and fast and desperate until the rubber band in his gut snaps and the room goes white. He's not even breathing at this point, head foggy and floating high above the clouds.

He slowly comes back to himself, to the pulsing of his cock with the aftershocks, and George is still plastered to his back, buried inside him even though he's surely soft by now.

"Fuck," Sapnap sighs, dropping his cock before the overstimulation begins to burn.

George pulls out and Sapnap grimaces at the feeling of come dripping out of his hole.

Holy fuck.

He just had sex with George.

George just came in his ass.

There's a certain hint of panic burning through his heart, but before he knows it George is pulling himself from the bed.

Sapnap collapses, rolling over onto his back. He watches George walk away without another word while he lies breathless, admiring his bare ass as he walks out of the room. It's cute, he admits to himself. It's small and perky just like George is; how his ass manages to fit him so well, Sapnap has no idea.

He catches his breath, staring up at the ceiling for a bit while he waits patiently for him to come back.

And waits.

Where the fuck did he go?

Sapnap shuffles uncomfortably. The lube drying between his cheeks makes him feel disgusting, just like the dried spit and hickeys left on his collarbone. His hips burn with the indents of George's nails embedded in his skin, and the mind-blowing orgasm is doing a poor job of making up for the queasy feeling brewing in his stomach.

Is George not coming back or what?

... Should he go too?

He doesn't want to. Guilt gnaws at the back of his neck, making him feel uncomfortable in his own skin. Sure, George may have started shit, but Sapnap is starting to feel bad for how he reacted to him. He should apologize, because at the end of the day they're still best friends. He'd do anything for George even if he is a bitch.

Sapnap waits. He wants to clean himself up but he wants to see George again more.

...

What was so important that he'd just leave him here like this? Sapnap shrinks into himself, drawing the blankets up to his chin as he thinks. They smell like George now that they've been home for a bit. The dark blue sheets are soft and warm and cozy and all Sapnap wants to do is cuddle up with him. He'd apologize with kisses if George will let him, ones that don't draw blood or put an ache behind their teeth.

He knows whatever they just did is more akin to hate sex than anything else, but George doesn't hate him and he knows it, just like he could never hate George either. His chest feels lighter right now, hope bubbling inside of him like a can of coke that's had a mento dropped in it. He'd never admit it, not to anyone, but he's always had a crush on George, and Dream for that matter, but George above all. Dream is unattainable, and he always thought George would be too, but maybe now that they've had sex, they could talk about it. There's a chance that George feels the same way? He likes their dynamic. He likes George's dumb smile and his goofy ass personality and the way he laughs. He likes how smart he is, and kind when he wants to be. He likes how he challenges him, even if he takes it too far sometimes. He likes their banter and spending time with him and he thinks George probably likes all the same things about him too.

Sapnap smiles a little to himself, rubbing his cheek on the pillow that smells like George's shampoo.

Slowly, he begins to drift off, warm and snug despite how sweat and lube and come clings to his skin. It's a little cringe, but as he noses along the pillow, he imagines George is here too, just a bit out of reach. When he gets back, Sapnap really hopes he can get a hug or something. Hell, he'd take a high five and a 'great job'. Maybe they can watch tv together for a while, or play chess on their phones together. That would be fun, he thinks. He can imagine laying propped up against George's shoulder while he whoops his ass and George gets more and more frustrated with him for winning. This situation may have started badly, but it has so much potential to be good too.

Sapnap's almost asleep entirely when a sound at the door startles him back awake. He blinks blurrily, looking to where George is standing with a towel around his waist, fresh out of the shower.

George curls his lip with disdain. "You're still here?"

Sapnap frowns.

Is he not supposed to be?

George walks to his closet after that, pulling out clean new clothes. "Can you leave so I can get dressed?"

Sapnap's stomach drops. "I can't stay?"

"Pfft, no idiot," George huffs. "Besides, you're gross, get out of my bed. Why are you all nasty and in my blankets anyways?"

Sapnap flinches.

Humiliation scorches through him, dousing out any hope he had all at once. It isn't the fun humiliation from earlier either, this makes his blood run cold and his stomach churns like he could puke. "Oh."

He doesn't even have a good comeback. If it were any other situation, he'd make a joke, poke at George some, piss him off a little. He'd wipe himself on his sheets or bicker with him about something stupid but when he opens his mouth, his eyes sting with unshed tears, and no way in *hell* is he about to let *George* of all people see him cry.

Sapnap sits up, feeling far *far* too vulnerable. George has a towel around his waist and isn't even looking at him, but Sapnap wants to curl up and hide as he pulls himself from the bed to gather his clothes, face burning when he has to bend down naked to retrieve his shorts. He prays to every god he knows of not to let George turn around just then and see him like that.

Once he has his basketball shorts in hand, he slides them on quickly. He'll worry about his underwear and shirt later, he doesn't care. All he knows is he needs to get out of here and quickly.

Abandoning the rest of his clothes, he stands and heads straight for the door, ignoring the ache that flares in his hips. The tears he had been doing his best to keep back flood to his eyes. There's no controlling them anymore as they slide down his face against his will, biting his lip and squaring his jaw to keep from choking on a sound.

"Wait you forgot your clothes idiot," George calls.

Sapnap doesn't stop. He can't. He leaves, hurrying down the hall and to his room, thankful for once that it's farther away from George. He slams his door shut behind him, even going so far as to lock it.

Fuck him, he thinks vehemently as he frantically wipes his face, violent swipes of his hands that are all too similar to the way George had hit him earlier. He's crying too hard to do anything but smear the tears all over his face, no matter how many times he wipes at his face.

His body hurts, everything hurts, he feels so used and disgusting and there's a new, burning anger that starts in his belly and consumes him entirely.

He fucking hates George.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Sapnap and George watch a scary movie together and things get heated.

Chapter Notes

My beloved [Selvish](#) beta read this for me twice lmao thank youuu
It's been so long since I've had this much fun with a fic it's all I wanna work on lol I
hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's fucked up how much Sapnap misses George.

It's only been a day and all he can think about is what they did together. It doesn't help that bruises still litter his neck, scratches down his back that burns when the water of the shower hits them just right. He looked in the mirror after he got out too, moving the towel off from around his waist to inspect the damage on his hips where George had dug his claws into him like some kind of animal. His skin is bruised to hell and back, tender to the touch.

All he wants is to be close to him again, it's on his mind twenty-four-seven. He wants to sit on the couch with him and bicker and play games together or go and do something together. Something!!

He groans, rolling around in his bed. There's nothing to do and he hates being alone.

Finally, he gives in, pulling out his phone.

Surpnurp: what r u doin

He waits impatiently, watching his message go from delivered to read.

Gerge: nothing

Wow. What a great texter, Sapnap thinks sarcastically. He's almost as dry as Dream is.

Surpnurp: wanna hang out ?

Gerge: are you still mad at me

Sapnap frowns.

Surpnurp: no? Just meet me in the living room idiot

Sapnap waits. Delivered, and then read.

He gets up, hopeful, and makes his way to the living room.

Patches is laying on the couch, casually grooming herself. He smiles softly at her, taking a seat on the couch with her, careful not to jostle her too much.

Soon after he sat down, George emerges from his room too, softly padding down the hallway.

“Hey,” Sapnap offers with a tiny smile, a tentative truce.

“Hi,” George gives him a tight-lipped smile, walking over to the couch. The second he catches sight of Patches though, Sapnap is long forgotten. “Hi Patches,” he coos.

Sapnap watches him out of the corner of his eye, pretending to be interested in his phone.

George is so damn gentle, lifting Patches into his lap and settling her down with ease that’s rarely seen from the older man.

Sapnap scoffs at himself, forcing his eyes back onto his phone. Of course, George is going to be gentle with Patches, she’s a cat. He’s not going to throw her around like he did him, if he did he’d be on the first flight available back to England. Besides, George isn’t like that. Honestly, the more Sapnap thinks about it the more he doesn’t even believe George would swing on Dream. Not because Dream is a fucking giant and strong as fuck but because he’s *Dream*. It’s only Sapnap that George seems ready to fight. Maybe Quackity, but that would be in more of a playfight situation, not even close to what they do with each other.

George coos soft words and murmurs that Sapnap can’t make out. His fingers curl under her chin and around her ears, Patches pushing her face into his hand with a soft chirp.

“She loves you,” Sapnap comments.

“Yeah,” George smiles so tenderly Sapnap thinks he could puke. His heart definitely doesn’t swell at how he smiles at her, or how she rolls over just enough that he can pet her belly, treating her with nothing but kindness and fond adoration.

“Weren’t you worried that she wouldn’t?”

“A little,” George shrugs. “Most animals like me but... I don’t know, I just knew that she wouldn’t because she’s important to me.”

Sapnap frowns. There’s an admission in those words that George definitely did not mean to give, disguised with a soft tone full of love for Patches. He wants to comment, but at the same time, having deep conversations isn’t their thing. They don’t talk about their feelings or cry to each other

or anything like that. They joke and they laugh together and they fight, that's what they're good at.

Sapnap keeps his mouth shut. Instead, he focuses on George's actions, petting Patches. His mind brings up the image of George's hands in his hair like that, petting through his wild curls, smoothing them down behind his ears. Something in his treacherous brain screams that he wants that, just like he wanted to talk after they had sex and apologize and kiss him properly.

Something in him craves domesticity with George, like sucking violet hickeys below his chin without violence. He wants to curl up with him, hold him close, whisper insults like pet names against his ear, and laugh when he protests.

It's so unattainable it makes his head hurt almost as bad as his heart.

Sapnap looks away, scoffing to himself.

"What's your problem now?" George huffs.

"What?"

"I said, what's your problem now?" George rolls his eyes. "You're all," he scoffs dramatically, spit flying from his lips and onto Sapnap's arm.

"Ew, you nasty fuck," Sapnap wipes at his arm.

"What?"

"You spit on me!"

"Did not," George purses his lips disbelievingly, wiping at his mouth. "Want me to?"

"NO," Sapnap growls, sneering at George.

It's far too easy to fall into this familiar pattern. He was feeling too soft, too mushy for George. There's too much to unpack there, but fighting with him is like coming home. It's expected, easy.

George narrows his eyes. "I bet you'd like it."

"You're disgusting," Sapnap looks away. *I bet you'd like it.*

The words ring in his ears and shake him down to his core. They haven't talked about what they did together but there's no doubt what George is insinuating right now or the sexual connotation that comes with it.

"You like that I'm disgusting," George answers with a smug smirk that Sapnap can feel burning on the back of his neck where George is looking at him. "What are you going to do with those marks once Dream gets home?"

It's code. Are you going to tell Dream?

... Is he? He hadn't thought about it.

"I'll wear a hoodie or something," Sapnap answers smoothly. Tension grows in the room, thickening the air with every word they exchange.

"You know what wouldn't leave a mark?"

“What?” Sapnap asks, almost not wanting to know.

“If you got on your knees and let me spit in your mouth.”

Sapnap’s stomach clenches. *Holy fuck.*

He gulps, swallowing down his nerves and excitement that builds instantaneously. He finally turns to look at George, taking in his wide, innocent eyes and sweet smile like he didn’t just suggest something outrageously horny. “No dude, that’s so gross.”

George shrugs. “I wouldn’t say that. Come on, Sappy Nappy, think about it. I think you’d look great on your knees for me.”

There’s a compliment somewhere in there and while his body warms with it, his cheeks still redden. “What if I don’t want to suck your dick? Maybe I want you to suck mine.”

“I’m not doing that,” George shakes his head slightly.

Sapnap’s shoulders drop. “Well, why not?”

Why does he have to be the one in the degrading position once again? Isn’t it enough that he got fucked last time? He wants nothing more than to push George’s stupidly big mouth down on his dick so hard he chokes on it for once.

George doesn’t give him an answer, he simply looks at him expectantly, a clear sign to either say yes or no with no room for argument to do something else.

“I...”

Fuck, he kind of does want to suck George’s dick.

He’s pathetic. He’d take anything George has to offer, anything and everything.

“Fine. Not right now though, can we do something normal first? Like, watch a movie or something?”

“Oooh,” George coos, snatching the remote off the coffee table before Sapnap could even think to grab it. “A little Netflix and chill huh? Hmmm?” He wiggles his eyebrows at Sapnap, making him scoff.

“You’re so dumb,” Sapnap shakes his head, though he’s secretly glad. Watching movies together is normal. It’s easy.

“Let’s watch a scary movie,” he ignores him, scrolling erratically through the different options.

“Woah, hey no wait-” Sapnap snatches for the remote, but George is too quick, holding it out of reach.

“What? Scared? Scaredy cat?”

“I’m not a scaredy cat,” Sapnap curls his lip in distaste.

George rolls his eyes. “What are you then, a pussy? What’s wrong with a scary movie?”

Well for starters, Sapnap fucking hates scary movies, and George knows that. And if he gets scared, Dream isn’t here to go to for comfort, and no way in hell would he ever admit that he’s

scared to George.

“Nothings wrong with it,” Sapnap crosses his arms, settling back into the couch to prove a point. He’s totally cool with this. He can get through it.

George picks some random scary movie that Sapnap has never heard of before, and Patches even jumps down eventually, trotting off much to Sapnap’s displeasure. He was planning on holding her while the movie played.

It starts off normal enough, a group of dumb college kids going on vacation together to a cabin in the woods. There’s partying and drinking and an ungodly amount of sex that is far too close to porn. He shifts uncomfortably through those scenes and even worse when the scary shit starts happening. He slowly finds himself drifting closer and closer to George’s side, terrified.

George scoots away. Sapnap scoots closer.

George scoots away. Sapnap, again, scoots closer.

It’s to the point they’ve migrated almost an entire cushion and Sapnap’s knee is hitting against his.

Suddenly, George stops. He pauses the movie and looks at Sapnap with wide eyes.

“Did you hear that?” George asks, dead serious. He’s frowning, no hint of a smile that so often curls the edges of his lips up. He looks around over the back of the couch with a furrow in his brow and stares off into the darkness.

“What?” Sapnap sits on edge, eyes wide. He peers off into the darkness too, searching for whatever it is that George is looking for too. The house is silent, eerie and calm.

“Did you not hear it?”

“Hear what?” Sapnap scoots closer, knocking their knees together.

“... Huh. Must have been somewhere in the house,” George shrugs, going back to the movie. He hits play like it’s nothing, but Sapnap can’t quit staring off behind the couch like any second a shadow will move or a face will appear.

Fear pounds through his heart, hair standing on end.

“George,” Sapnap deadpans. “Don’t fuck with me right now.”

“I’m not, I heard something. It’s not my fault you don’t believe me,” George answers flippantly.

“George please,” Sapnap whines. “Stop.”

“You know what would distract you?” George wiggles his eyebrows.

Sapnap curls in on himself. Fuck fuck fuck, fuck this, fuck the movie, fuck George, fuck all of it!

If Dream was here, Sapnap would be plastered to his side, holding on to him for dear life.

Sapnap considers George’s offer. It would be really nice to be close to him, it would make him feel safer too to feel George holding on to him.

“I won’t let the monsters get you,” George promises with a shit eating grin.

"I fucking hate you," Sappnap snaps. Still, he scoots away, giving the house one quick glance around to make sure nothing is there before he leans down, going through the humiliating experience of getting on his elbows and looking up at George.

George smiles down at him, a cruel glint in his eyes. He grabs his chin, looking him over like he's inspecting something.

Does he like what he sees? Sappnap would say he's fairly handsome, does George think so too? He'd like to think he does, considering they had sex and now they're doing this.

George slaps his cheek hard, his head wiping to the side as pain erupts across his face.

"What the fuck?!" Sappnap snarls, turning back to look at him. His cock jumps in his pants, stomach tight at the pain in his jaw.

George is grinning like that cat that got the cream. "You have a slappable face."

Sappnap glares, that familiar flare of anger burning through him. " *You* have a slappable face, motherfucker."

George is all too used to his insults. The name doesn't phase him, doesn't effect that stupid smile on his face. "Shut up and suck my dick or I'll let the monsters get you."

"No," Sappnap curls his lip.

"Oh, so..." George's eyes dart to the hallway. "You want me to go to my room? Shut the door, put my headphones on and leave you all alone in this big empty house? I mean, who knows what's in here with us."

Sappnap glances around again. "Would you stop? No, okay, fuck you I don't want you to leave. You do this shit to me on purpose."

"You like it," George says knowingly, pushing his pants down.

Sappnap hates that he's right.

He frees his hips from his pants, pushing them and his underwear down around his thighs, exposing his soft cock to the open air.

Sappnap feels his mouth fill with drool. George takes himself in hand, wrapping his delicate, thin fingers around himself. He gives his dick a few tentative strokes, pulling the skin back to expose the head before pushing it back up.

"Stick your tongue out," George smirks down at him.

His face heats up, the tip of his nose flaring down his cheeks and over the tips of his ears that burn with the order. He's conflicted because that's fucking embarrassing but at the same time...

Sappnap lolls his tongue out, glancing up at George to see if that's what he wanted.

Satisfaction washes over his face. George uses his free hand to trace over Sappnap's jaw, through the stubble that lines his face. He trails over his lips, slipping his fingers into his mouth and over his tongue. With his other hand he continues working his cock, pressing his fingers down on the back of his tongue.

Sappnap's eyes water, staring up at George, silently begging him not to choke him just because he

can.

Of course, that's what he does though, because he's George.

He pushes his fingers down his throat until Sapnap can't breathe, panic jolting through him as he pulls back, coughing around his hand until he manages to hit it away.

"Gross," George curls his nose up as spit hits his thigh from Sapnap's coughing.

If Sapnap could form a sentence, he'd tell George off in an instant, but he's still hacking, the phantom feeling of fingers down his throat refusing to stop.

Once he gets control of himself, Sapnap glares at George. "You're the actual worst. Like if you're going to act like this, I'll leave."

"Shh," George knocks his hat off without care, threading his fingers through his hair. "Stop being annoying."

Sapnap opens his mouth to tell him to shove it, only for George to hook his thumb behind his bottom teeth, pulling his jaw open. With a glint in his eyes, he quickly spits straight onto his tongue, looking incredibly proud of himself when Sapnap immediately closes his mouth around his thumb and swallows, glaring the entire time. It's a familiar sensation, the feeling of being owned coursing through him just like the first time. He's ashamed of how much he likes it.

He stares at George for a minute, and George stares back.

"So..." George trails off, awkwardly holding his dick. He fake coughs a little, and looks around the room before looking back to Sapnap once more.

Sapnap rolls his eyes, suppressing a smile. He's so fucking stupid.

With a deep breath, Sapnap leans back down, swallowing down his nerves. He playfully smacks George's hand away from his dick, taking it in his own. Not knowing where to start, he gives him a tentative stroke, bringing the tip to his mouth. He presses a gentle kiss to the head, scrunching his nose at the wet feeling that coats his lips as he pulls away. Continuing down, he gives his shaft the same treatment, small kisses until he makes his way to the very base, George's balls in his hand.

Something in the very back of his mind whispers for him to tug on them to make him scream, but fear stops him, because there's no doubt George would go after his balls next if he did, so he refrains. Instead, he rolls them gently as he licks back up his shaft, teasing him till he hardens under his tongue.

"Sap," George sighs, hand resting on the back of his neck. He's not even being a dick about it, which is surprising.

Encouraged, Sapnap takes the head into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks and covering his teeth with his lips. He licks around the head for a while, sucking on the salty taste of precum and skin before mouthing down, doing his best to breathe through his nose so he doesn't choke.

George's fingers tangle in his hair, wrapping the curls around the digits as he grabs a fist full of it. It tingles when he gently tugs, Sapnap groaning around his cock at the sensation.

"Uh oh, Sap, what was that noise?" George asks, head back against the couch as Sapnap sucks him down.

Sapnap makes a fist and hits his thigh as hard as he can, telling him to shut the fuck up despite not being able to speak. George groans, giving Sapnap a sense of smug satisfaction despite the lingering fear left over from his words. His hands never leave his hair though, and it feels amazing to be held. It helps to calm his fear, relaxing his anxieties to know that he's not alone, that George is close by.

He loves him, he reminds himself. George wouldn't let anything happen to him. It's so dumb to have to remind himself things like that over a silly movie but it makes him feel better.

Slowly, Sapnap begins bobbing his head, gripping onto George's slender thighs for stability. Spit smears over his swollen lips, making a mess, but it only seems to excite George even more. Suddenly he pushes his head down and Sapnap panics, throat spasming around his cock while he struggles to breathe. George holds him there, lets him struggle a bit, before pulling him up and off his cock.

Sapnap gasps for air, sputtering as he looks up at George with wide eyes, tears beading at the corners.

George spits into his hand, smearing it down the side of Sapnap's face. It leaves a tacky, disgusting trail in its wake, and Sapnap shivers, hips jerking.

He brings his hand down harshly, but at least Sapnap is expecting it, bracing himself and squeezing his eyes shut as George slaps his cheeks.

"You look like a fucking slut," he groans, using the grip in Sapnap's hair to push his head back down. Sapnap takes one last gasp of air before George's cock is back in his mouth, taking it in his mouth until the head hits the back of throat and he gags again.

Sapnap's eyes water, tears dripping onto George's thighs that only seem to encourage him even more.

It's so fucking hot being treated like a toy. Sapnap rubs against the couch, putting pressure on his neglected cock that aches, still untouched, tucked away in his underwear and pants. It's not enough but it's something, and he can't stop now that he's gotten just a hint of pleasure.

"Remember what I said about you being a dog?" George giggles breathlessly. "Humping the couch, you're disgusting."

Sapnap shivers, doing his best to swallow around George. He ruts against the couch a little harder at that, knowing George is watching his every move. His throat is beginning to ache, but George is just getting started. Sapnap does his very best to relax as he begins fucking his throat, using his unyielding grip in his hair to push him up and down, hips snapping up so hard it makes him gag every time.

He struggles to breathe, heart hammering in his ears. His cheeks, eyes, and nose are soaked with tears and drool is seeping down his jaw, wetting George's balls when they meet.

"You're actually doing good right now," George hisses through his teeth like he can't believe Sapnap is not doing half bad. "I've wanted to do this for so long."

Sapnap hums in agreement, because he's fantasized many, many times about face fucking George. He can't wait to do that after George has come and it's his turn, he wants to see his big brown eyes filled with tears and his stupidly big mouth stretched around him.

Sapnap sucks a little hard, more determined to get him off quickly so they can switch.

George uses him like he's hardly even there, paying him no mind as he fucks into his mouth until his thrusts become uneven and Sapnap has to pick up the slack. He sucks and licks and bobs his head, eager and ready for George to come.

The hands that are woven into his hair pull him up off once again. This time, Sapnap stares dazedly at George as he keeps a firm grip in his hair, holding him close as he wraps his dominant hand around himself and jerks off hard and fast.

Sapnap lolls his tongue out, keeping his mouth open wide for George, the fight from earlier gone in favor of getting off. George tightens his fist, pumping his cock just once more before come spurts from the tip, landing on the bridge of Sapnap's nose. Humiliation burns through him, but he doesn't complain. Instead he shuts his eyes and lets George come on his face, humping the couch a little more to hold himself over.

A little lands on his tongue, and Sapnap swallows it eagerly even though it hurts. Vaguely he wonders how wrecked his voice is going to be tomorrow, and hopes that it'll be a little better by the time Dream gets home the day after that.

George is a wreck. His hair is messed up from rubbing against the couch, cheeks bright red as he pants heavily through bitten lips. His chest rises and falls rapidly, and slowly he blinks his eyes open, staring down at Sapnap.

Sapnap sits up, wiping at his face while George calms down. He smears the come onto George's pant leg, but he's too out of it to even complain about it.

"Holy shit," George groans, looking down at his soft cock. "Sapnap."

"Did I do good?" Sapnap asks slyly, tongue in cheek.

"Fuck. Yeah, you sucked my brains out of my dick like it was spaghetti."

Sapnap scrunches his nose at the analogy. "That is probably the dumbest thing you've ever said."

"I don't care," George groans. He moves slower than molasses, pulling his underwear and pants back up.

Sapnap is about to tell him to return the favor, but George is already up, staggering to his feet like a newborn deer.

Sapnap sits, staring in disbelief at the now vacant cushions that George had occupied just seconds ago. His cock is still rock hard, tears drying down his red cheeks.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" Sapnap spits, the taste of George's cock still lingering on his tongue.

"Umm... I don't know, take a nap maybe," George shrugs so flippantly it makes Sapnap's blood boil.

"That's not fair!"

"I never said I'd get you off too," George giggles. "You're kind of easy."

Sapnap blushes heavily, squaring his jaw. "You're such a dick."

"Listen I got what I wanted, do whatever you want now I guess," George stumbles off towards the

hallway. “Don’t let the monsters get ya!” He shouts as he disappears around the corner.

Sapnap stares, flinching when he hears the door to George’s room open and shut softly.

...

That did not just happen.

George did not just fucking leave him here like this.

The dumb horror movie they were watching is still playing, a chilling shriek coming from the TV as one of the characters is brutally killed. Sapnap hurriedly grabs the remote, hitting the power button to get rid of the awful image. The TV fades to black though, taking away the only source of light in the whole room.

Sapnap squares his jaw. George makes him feel so fucking awful. Like he wasn’t a part of what they just did too, just Sapnap, he’s the one at fault here. It puts an itch under his skin, like he’s dirty and there’s no way for him to get clean, and he’s still fucking hard and now it’s dark and creepy and the horror movie is still on his mind and-

Sapnap takes a deep breath, willing himself to stand up. He can’t sit there in the darkness forever even if it wasn’t terrifying.

He doesn’t run, he simply walks very very very fast to his room, shutting the door quickly behind him and turning on the lamp so he can jerk off in peace at least.

Later that night, Sapnap wakes up in a panic, heart beating a million miles an hour and a paralyzing fear coursing through him. A cold sweat beads at his forehead, making his skin clammy. He pants wildly, searching the darkness for the threat, but coming up with nothing.

It was just a dream. A terrible, horrible dream and he feels like he could puke. His sleepy mind has him sitting up, so used to going to Dream’s room after a nightmare before he stops in his tracks.

Right. It’s just him and George.

Sapnap squares his jaw, torn. On one hand, he wants nothing more than to curl up in George’s bed with him. He’d even brave the hallway, run through the darkness to get to him at the end of it, but on the other hand, he knows he’d never hear the end of it. George would tease him forever about it, probably say something mean, dig under his skin, make him feel worse than he already does. The events from earlier still linger, the pain in his throat making it hard to swallow down his fear. That gross, dirty feeling from before still lingers too, and he shuffles uncomfortably.

No way can he go to George. He’d sooner lay there in his bed terrified than go to him for anything.

The next day, Sapnap wakes up still sleep deprived with a sore jaw and a bone to pick with

George.

He finds him in the kitchen, pouring cereal and using up the last of their milk.

George hardly glances up at him, hair ruffled with a sleepy look on his face. It's enough to give Sarnap a moment of hesitation, because if he's being completely honest, he looks adorable standing there all ruffled and messed up from rolling around in the bed, but it's not enough to douse out his anger.

"Hey," George greets him as he gets closer. "You should go to the store later, we're like... gonna die without Dream around. We're out of milk and juice and eggs and-" Sarnap pushes George. He doesn't think, he just reacts, and his very first instinct upon walking in the kitchen was to shove him so hard he stumbles into the cabinets.

"What the fuck?" he curls in on himself, cringing away from Sarnap.

"I hate you," Sarnap shoves him again, and definitely does not zero in on the feeling of slim hips in his hands no matter how briefly. "I hate you!"

"I don't know what I fucking did, stop!" George yells, finally shoving back. It feels good. It feels right. It makes up for how shitty George made him feel yesterday and how awful he felt this morning.

"Stop!" George screeches, shoving him again.

Sarnap swings, his fist making contact with George's cheek. It's definitely not as hard as he could have hit him, but it's hard enough that it makes his knuckles ache and when Sarnap looks at George's stupid face once again, his lip is split, blood dripping down his chin in a tiny trickle.

George raises his hand up, delicately tracing the cut.

Sarnap stares in disbelief. Fuck, okay, he definitely didn't mean to do that, and why is George kind of hot when he's dripping blood like that, and even hotter when he licks it away, bringing his thumb up to his mouth to suck the blood clean from his finger. His eyes are wild as he finds Sarnap's, and his shoulders are drawn in tight.

"I can't believe you hit me," George frowns.

"I can't believe you're such a bitch," Sarnap spits.

For a second he doesn't think George is going to react at all, maybe laugh again or do something to piss him off even more.

... But then he swings.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Sapnap and George have sex again before Dream gets home, but things go wrong and Sapnap goes to Dream for comfort

Chapter Notes

Thank you [Selvish](#) my beloved wife for beta reading this for me!! And thank you [RxdMouth](#) for helping me come up with the scene for this chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are you done being a bitch?” Sapnap asks through the door to George’s bedroom.

His face hurts like hell where George gave him a fucking black eye yesterday, and they haven’t spoken since, but Dream is going to be home in a few hours and he has a question.

He knocks again.

“George!”

No reply.

He keeps knocking, willing to annoy George until he pays attention to him.

Finally, an eternity later, the door swings open.

George is disgruntled, a sour look on his face with a split lip still that’s only barely beginning to scab over from Sapnap’s fist. They’re quite a pair, with bruises and cuts from their fights. Sapnap just hopes that Dream doesn’t get onto them too badly for fighting.

“What do you want?”

“Dream is going to be home later today,” Sapnap states.

George quirks an eyebrow up at him, looking him up and down. He doesn’t seem all that impressed when his gaze finds Sapnap’s once again, like he knows exactly when Sapnap is about to suggest, and he is completely uninterested. Or maybe it’s Sapnap who doesn’t interest him. He’s made it clear the past two times they’ve slept together that he doesn’t have much interest in him. Each time, Sapnap has been nothing but a warm hole to blow off steam with. He wouldn’t even touch him last time.

“Yeah,” George leans against the door frame, looking unfairly hot. His hair is perfectly tussled, a pretty flush on his cheeks, wearing a shirt a size too big and tan shorts that cut off just before his knees. He reaches up, running his fingers through his hair, the edges of his shirt riding up to expose his soft side and the band of his briefs that disappears beneath the tops of his shorts.

“... Wanna do it one more time?” Sappnap asks, fingers twitching where they’re curled at his side. He wants nothing more than to reach out and grab hold of George’s hair too, shove his stupid face into the door and his tongue down his throat. “Ya know. Before we, like, never mention this again?”

Because he knows that’s what’s going to happen. Dream will come home and George will ignore him. He’ll never mention any of this ever happened and the cuts will heal and the bruises will fade and it’ll drive Sappnap absolutely fucking nuts. Honestly, they might as well make the most of it at this point.

“... You know what, yeah,” George stands up fully, an unreadable look in his eyes as he takes a step back, giving Sappnap plenty of room to squeeze past him. “Come on in.” Sappnap narrows his eyes. “Are you going to get me off this time?”

“Yeah,” George looks him up and down once more. “Why not. Not like I have anything better to do since you’ve been ignoring me.”

“You’ve been ignoring me, dumbass,” Sappnap steps into the room. It feels like he just sealed his fate somehow like he’s a lamb that’s stepped into the lion’s den... or whatever the saying is. Each step he takes toward George’s bed feels impactful, and by the time he’s turning around to face him once more, he’s starting to reconsider if this is even a good idea or not.

One look at George though is enough to make it worth it though.

“You’re the one that hit me out of nowhere,” George justifies, raising his shirt up and off, exposing miles of pretty unblemished skin. There’s so many places Sappnap has yet to mark up, and he can *so* perfectly picture his teeth sinking right into the crevice of George’s neck, and leaving a trail of hickeys and cruel bites down his chest. He wants to dig his fingers into the soft skin of his hips till they bruise and dig his nails into his back and leave scratches down his-

“Sappnap?”

Sappnap blinks, George pulling him from his thoughts. He’s standing there still right in front of him with an incredulous look on his face and a tease sitting on the tip of his tongue. “What was that about?”

“Nothing,” Sappnap lies.

George purses his lips and narrows his eyes, looking absolutely ridiculous and it’s insanely unfair how attractive it is. “Mmm, I don’t believe you. What, were you drooling over me taking my shirt off or something?”

“No,” Sappnap scoffs. “What? That would be so dumb, considering you’re ugly.”

It’s cheap and so very clearly a lie; a low blow that doesn’t hit.

At least it makes George smile. Sappnap watches his mouth turn up into an amused grin, the cut he gave him pulled thin across pink lips. George moves closer and closer to Sappnap, coming to a stop right in front of him. His hands reach out, finding Sappnap’s hips beneath the thick hoodie he wears.

He’s oddly gentle as he takes ahold of him, Sappnap honestly expected to immediately be thrown down against the bed, but George always has a way of surprising him.

“Wanna try something different today?” George asks quietly, eyes glued to Sappnap’s mouth. He swallows consciously, heartbeat picking up with the attention.

“Like what?”

“Kinky shit.”

Sapnap’s eyebrows shoot up into his hair. Never in his entire life did he ever think George of all people would be proposing they do kinky shit together.

“Kinky shit like what?” Sapnap asks, intrigued.

“Like you let me do whatever I want, and I promise you’ll like it. If you don’t, all you gotta do is tell me to stop,” George takes a step closer, invading what little bit of personal space Sapnap had left.

Sapnap exhales heavily, brain foggy as he stares at George, willing him to stop talking so much and kiss him already. “Yeah sure, whatever,” he agrees, anything to get things moving. It sounds promising at least, if they switch things up maybe he’ll get to come this time.

George’s smile turns sharp and wicked like Sapnap just fell into a trap. Before he can comment though, he’s being pulled in for a kiss, soft warm lips against his as George presses their chests together, getting as close to him as he possibly can. It’s exhilarating, feeling that split in his lip and knowing he put that there. He pays extra attention to it, nipping his bottom lip and sucking on it till copper coats his tongue. Sapnap groans at the taste and laps at the blood eagerly, letting it swirl in his mouth before he pushes it back into George’s so he can taste himself.

When he pulls away to tug the overly hot hoodie off of himself, George’s lip is bleeding, smeared over his lips like makeup.

“You look ridiculous,” Sapnap comments, pulling the hoodie off over his head. He’s glad he went without a shirt underneath, anything to get George’s hands on him faster.

“Shut up,” George takes his thumb and swipes the blood away like it’s nothing. “We need to talk before we do what I want to do.”

“Oh yeah?” Sapnap smirks, pulling on his pants. He wiggles out of them, letting them fall to his ankles so he’s in nothing but his briefs that cling to his thighs.

“Yeah, you’re going to need a safeword,” George says matter of factly.

Sapnap pauses at that, tilting his head in confusion. “A safeword?”

“Yup. Ever done anything super intense like that before?” George asks.

Sapnap waits for the punchline, the biting joke that will wedge its way under his skin. It doesn’t come. Instead, George continues to stare him down, dark eyes unreadable pools of swirling brown.

“Umm... no?”

“Okay, so what about red? Like a stop sign,” George explains.

“... Okay,” Sapnap frowns.

“And yellow to slow down or stop doing something, sound good?” George asks.

Sapnap... actually has no clue what’s happening. Yellow? Red?

“Yeah sure, whatever,” Sapnap says dismissively, taking a step closer to George in an effort to get

his hands on him finally.

“No, repeat it for me,” George insists.

“Red to stop, yellow to slow down, okay? Damn,” Sapnap whines. “Just touch me. Touch! Me!”

“Fine!” George yells back. He’s never had a problem matching Sapnap’s energy, it’s what makes them work so well together. If Sapnap is going to be a brat, George will respond in kind. George slaps his hands onto Sapnap’s forearms. “There, I’m touching you.”

“I hate you,” Sapnap giggles, grabbing hold of George’s wrist to pull him in for another kiss. They fall into each other with ease, soft giggles falling from their lips with each misstep, a gentle reminder of who he’s with right now. It’s all too easy to forget sometimes that this isn’t someone that he can hate readily, this is *George*. He loves George.

He especially loves George when his bare chest is pressed into his and his head is hitting his mattress. He loves George when he runs delicate fingers up and down his sides, tickling him and then huffing with amusement when Sapnap squirms away. His fingers dig into the waistband of his briefs, sliding them down his thighs meticulously as he kisses down his jaw and over his neck. He’s being so... attentive. It’s odd, but not unwelcome. It feels amazing for George to kiss down his chest like this, the occasional nip and bite that sends electricity throughout his entire body. He makes his way from the center of his chest down to his stomach, kissing around his navel before going lower, chin brushing through coarse hair at the base of his cock. He finishes freeing him from his underwear, pushing them down to the floor before standing up to loom over him with a keen look in his eye that makes Sapnap shiver with anticipation.

It’s then that he realizes George has managed to get him completely naked, while he still has his pants on.

“Take your fucking pants off,” Sapnap curls his lip in distaste. It makes him feel far too vulnerable to be the only one naked.

“No, I’m in charge,” he gives him a smirk laden with promise. “Roll over.”

“No,” Sapnap furrows his brows.

“Yes,” George frowns at him right back. “Just do it. Roll over, mutt.”

... He also really loves George when he’s pissing him off.

“You’re such a dick,” Sapnap snaps.

“What, you’re not a mutt?” George cocks his head to the side.

“No, I’m not.”

George leans down slightly, eyes dark as he asks, “Then what are you?”

Yours.

It’s the first word that pops into his head and glues itself to the front of his brain and he has to stop himself from actually saying it out loud and playing right into George’s hand, because there isn’t a doubt in his mind that it’s exactly what he wants him to say.

When he doesn’t answer, George gets bored, moving on in silent surrender. “Turn over for me,

Sap.”

He debates it internally before he concedes, slowly rolling over onto his stomach. His face burns at the position; he doesn't think he'll ever get used to having George see him like this.

He's being so kind it's almost unnerving as he presses over his back and kisses down his spine, gentle pecks that make him shiver as he comes to a stop on his tailbone. His hands are firm as they grip his cheeks, massaging them in his hands. His thighs tense every time his hole is exposed to the air, but George just keeps kneading, and Sapnap lets his head fall to the bed below, hiding his face in the sheets.

“Up on your knees for me,” George instructs. “Mutt.”

“I'm not a mutt!” Sapnap turns his head to look at him sharply.

“Well you're not a good dog either, so until you prove you can be good for me, you're nothing but a stupid mutt,” George snaps harshly.

Sapnap freezes.

“Think you can be good?”

Sapnap's eyes widen a bit as he thinks it through. He wants to be good. He wants to do good for George.

“Yes,” he whispers.

“Then get on your knees,” George says more forcefully this time.

Before he even fully thinks it through, Sapnap is rising onto his knees and presenting himself for George, ass in the air with his elbows holding himself up.

“There, that wasn't so hard, right?” George asks, pushing on the backs of his thighs to get him to spread his knees out.

Sapnap doesn't answer, unsure if it's rhetorical or not, and thankfully George doesn't push. Instead he runs his hands over the small of his back and down his thighs.

“Ready?”

“For what?” Sapnap asks, though he has a faint idea.

George slaps his ass so hard he jolts up the bed at the impact, the sound ringing through the air. The impact burns and stings, sending a jolt up his spine as warmth floods his system and radiates from the handprint that is surely on his ass.

“Fuck,” Sapnap pushes his face into the bedding, pushing his hips back for more.

“Say you want it,” George teases, an echo of his words the first time they hooked up.

“I want it,” Sapnap bites his lip and swallows down his pride for pleasure. “I want it, George, please.”

“See? Good boy,” George snarks, landing another quick hit to the opposite side. “How many do you think you can take?”

His pride snarls, rearing its ugly head up inside of him like an unhinged monster, telling him to prove himself. He's not a little bitch like George after all, he can take a spanking. "More than your hand can take, that's for sure."

"Wanna test it?" George asks, petting his hand over his ass in faux gentleness like he isn't about to smack the shit out of him.

"Bring it," Sapnap squares his shoulders.

George brings his open palm down over and over, dragging choked moans out of him with every blow he lays. His ass burns, his lower back burns, and he can't help slipping his hand down between his legs to grab hold of his cock, tugging at it to release the pent up pressure growing inside of him. The burning pain pushes the line of pleasure, mixing and swirling until his cheeks are burning red and tears are brimming in his eyes uncontrollably.

Sapnap snuffles.

"Aw, are you gonna cry?" George teases, massaging his cheeks once again.

"Fuck you," Sapnap bites back.

He brings his palm down again in retaliation, Sapnap whimpering at the pain that erupts on the already red spot.

"You remember your safewords right?" George asks, massaging his overheated skin once more. His fingertips ghost over his hole while he plays with his ass, waiting for an answer, the sensation making his brain short-circuit even more than it already was.

"Yeah," He nods. He knows them, yellow to slow down, red to stop, but he's not a pussy, he can take it, he *wants* to take it.

"Are you going to use one?"

"No," Sapnap shakes his head adamantly, pushing his hips back to feel the rough pad of George's dry thumb roll over his puckered entrance.

"Hmm," George tsks. "Why did I think you were smarter than that?"

Sapnap sneers, about to snap back, when George spansks him again and again and again. The pleasurable pain from before is beginning to melt away, and he can't decide if he likes it anymore or not.

He grits his teeth, tears streaming down his cheeks, about to tell George to stop, when the older man does it himself.

"Turn over," George backs off, his overwhelming presence disappearing from over his back.

Without his looming figure, Sapnap finally takes a breath. And another. And another. It takes a moment to gather himself back up into a more cohesive mess, and George gives him the much needed break with a silent but calming reassurance.

Sapnap wipes his face, not wanting George to see his tears whether he knew he was crying or not, taking one last deep breath before rolling over onto his back once more.

His cock is rock hard, arching into the air so far the tip nearly grazes his stomach, bright red with a

wet tip that drools for attention. At least George stripped in that time he was gathering himself, it would have been far more embarrassing if he wasn't naked too.

"You know Sapnap, you say you hate me *sooo* much," George grabs hold of his cock meanly, squeezing down so hard Sapnap yelps, hips jerking to get out of his hold. "But you keep crawling back for it," He begins jerking him off rapidly, sharp, fast movements that send him from understimulated to overwhelmed in seconds.

Sapnap's head falls back against the headboard with a hard thud, dull pain radiating from the base of his skull.

"You're such a slut," George whispers in his ear, grabbing a fist full of his hair and pulls so hard sharp tingling stings erupt along his scalp. "You're *nothing* but a stupid, worthless, *slut*."

A shiver wracks his body at his words. "George, George please-!"

"George!" Sapnap chases his hand, a pitiful sound leaving his mouth when he takes it away. "George please please please--"

His chest heaves with unreleased sobs, vision blurry. It feels so good, too good, he doesn't know what to do with himself and he's hurtling head first towards an orgasm at this rate, pumping his hips up into George's fist.

Suddenly he stops, the sound that leaves Sapnap's mouth hardly human. George squeezes his cock again, but doesn't move his hand, letting it rest around his shaft. The precipice of release that had been just on the horizon recedes with a terrible twinge in his gut, pulling another guttural groan from him. "I was so close," he whines, disappointed.

"Want me to ride you?" George asks with a sweet kiss on his jaw that sends him reeling. He can't keep up with him, one second he's hitting him so hard he knows he's going to bruise and the next he's kissing him like *that*, so soft and sweet and tender it makes him want to profess how much he adores him. And he does adore him, he adores George with every ounce of his being and he knows it, they all know it. They wouldn't be here if he didn't. He's a dick and he loves him and he loves when he kisses him and his hands are on his body and-

"Sap? Want me to ride you?" he asks again, interrupting his stream of silent adoration.

"Yes, yes please," Sapnap groans just thinking about it.

"Kay," George kisses behind his ear, soft and delicate. It makes him shiver, hands clutching at his sides that give so easily beneath his fingertips.

"I want you to jerk off for me while I finger myself," George's face goes red, eyes dropping away from Sapnap's.

"What?" Sapnap can't help but giggle. "So you can spank my ass and tease me till I'm about to explode but you can't say you're going to finger yourself without blushing?"

"Shut up," George brings a hand up to cover his face, though he's grinning in no time. "Leave me alone, okay, I can't control when I blush or not."

For the millionth time, Sapnap can't help but marvel at how cute George is.

"Just whatever, shut up," George looks away.

George pushes his shoulder, guiding him to lay down against the bed as he straddles his waist, squeezing the lube into his hand and wetting his fingers. Where he got the lube, Sapnap actually has no clue, when did he even grab it?

“Mm,” He curls his nose up, looking at Sapnap’s dick. “Probably don’t need to stretch too much.”

“You’re such an ass,” Sapnap whimpers, though the words go straight to his dick, humiliation burning through him at the insinuation of him having a small dick. He tentatively places his hand on George’s bare thigh, running his fingertips through the soft hairs that are scattered on his thighs. He takes his cock in his other hand, stroking himself as he massages his thigh, admiring how his fingertips dig into his skin.

George slips his hand around his backside, and while Sapnap can’t see it, he knows the minute he slips a finger inside of himself. George lets out a pretty little gasp, eyebrows furrowing.

Sapnap squeezes his cock, watching George’s twitch, half hard. He drops his thigh in favor of grabbing his dick, playing with the head and jerking him off in time with himself.

“You’re so bad,” George giggles.

“It’s my left hand, fuck off,” Sapnap grumbles.

George gasps, leaning his head back as he openly pants, blunt nails digging into Sapnap’s stomach that flutters with the pain, tensing and heaving with every stroke. Sapnap does the best he can, jerking himself off and George. It’s amazing, if George was just a little closer he could push their cocks together so they’d rub against each other as he stroked over them, but this is just as good. Like this, he gets such a clear view of George’s face while he fingers himself, his jaw dropped, lips parted around subtle little huffs that escape him in a constant stream. His hair is mussed, cheeks bright red and eyes half-lidded, watching Sapnap as closely as he’s watching him.

“Good enough,” George declares, pulling his fingers from himself.

Sapnap flushes. He really didn’t prep much. He didn’t think he was that small but... George is bigger than him to be fair.

His chest burns with the need to hide himself, but it doesn’t really matter in the end when George smacks his hand away, taking his cock with his still slightly wet hand. He rubs the remnants of the lube up his shaft, Sapnap groaning at the feeling of George’s hand on him finally.

“Try not to be an absolute quick shot, alright?” George giggles, jerking him off hard and fast like he forgot the purpose of touching his dick.

“I will be if you don’t stop,” Sapnap whines, hips jerking back to escape his hand.

“What, can’t even take me touching you?” George cocks his head to the side, massaging the underside of the head with his thumb.

He jolts, feeling far too close for this. “George come on please-”

“What?” he grins, merciless with his strokes.

“George!” he cries, hand finding his wrist to yank him away.

“You suck,” George laughs.

Sapnap blushes. He wants to argue that it's not his fault, but George doesn't give him a chance to, shaking his hand off before grabbing hold of him once more, rubbing the head over his hole, letting it catch and rub, already insanely sensitive.

He tries. He tries so damn hard. All the teasing and the spanking and the edging, it's all too much the second he feels George's tight hole squeeze down around his cock, the tip slipping in and immediately engulfed in his heat. A strangled sound leaves him, hands flying to George's hips. He doesn't even get halfway down before Sapnap's shaking, thighs tense. He bites his lip, overwhelmed. "George stop I'm gonna-"

He doesn't stop, and not even a second later Sapnap feels the tight band of arousal in his stomach snap, sending him hurtling over the edge instantly. He moans and pants as his cock pulses, coating George's insides who never stops sliding all the way down until he bottoms out

Fuck fuck fuck fuck-

He wasn't supposed to come and he can't even enjoy it, it's not enough stimulation and it's overwhelming and all he can think is how disappointed George is going to be in him, how he's going to make fun of him for this-

"You're useless," George breathes heavily, grinding his hips down.

"No George, come on please," Sapnap begs, hands flying to grab hold of his waist to protect himself from any more stimulation. His cock feels raw, pulsing inside of him still with the aftershocks that rock his entire body.

"Say it," George grabs his chin harshly, grinding down on him again. He squeezes around his overstimulated cock, startling a moan out of him.

"Say what?" Sapnap whines.

"That you're useless. Especially your dick."

No way, nu-uh no way in hell is he about to-

George bounces in his lap and the words are flying from his mouth faster than he can think them through, tripping over himself, sobbing out, "I'm use-I'm useless, I'm useless and so is my dick, please-"

"Good boy," George gives him a sharp, keen grin. "You're still a stupid mutt though."

He stands up on his knees, letting Sapnap's cock slip out of his barely used hole. Sapnap's chest heaves as he scoots further up his body until his ass is on his chest and his knees are under his armpits. He gives him a pretty smile, dark and mischievous as he takes his cock in hand.

"Least you're kind of pretty, right?" George asks, using his free hand to grab hold of his hair, wrapping his fingers through his curls before yanking harshly. "Kind of."

Sapnap's too tired to even respond, he keeps catching his breath as George gets himself off, fast jerks until come spills from the top, dribbling down the head and onto George's hands as it falls onto his chin, some shooting off over his nose and landing dangerously close to his eye.

Sapnap closes his eyes, lavishing in the feeling of being completely covered in George as he sighs heavily above him.

George wipes his thumb through the come that was close to his eye, and for a moment, Sapnap dares to think he's doing it to be helpful, but then he smears it down his cheeks like paint, running his fingers through the rest of it and wiping over his lips and chin.

Sapnap cringes.

"Disgusting," George smears it down his neck and onto his chest until his fingers run dry.

With that note of finality, he swings his legs off, and Sapnap can finally get a deep breath without his weight on his ribs.

He peels his eyes open, watching George stretch languidly, relaxed as he shakes his hands out.

Holy fuck. That had to have been the best sex he's ever had in his entire life.

Sapnap lets his head fall back down to the bed, staring up at the ceiling while he tries to recuperate.

"You should leave," George says casually. "I'm going to go shower, Dream is going to be home soon."

Sapnap's jaw drops. He hurriedly sits up on his elbows, stunned. "What? George come on—"

"Seriously, go back to your room or something," He mutters, looking down with shame written plain as day across his face.

... he's ashamed of him. There's no doubt about it.

Sapnap's chest rises and falls heavily as he watches his face, waiting for... something. For him to take it back somehow, say he didn't mean any of the awful things he said to him, that he doesn't want him to go. *He* doesn't want to go. He just wants to stay here with George for a minute until the ground doesn't feel like it'll fall out from beneath him the second he stands up.

"Wait, I promise I won't like... bug you or anything. Is it cool if I just chill here for a second?" Sapnap asks, chest aching. It's taking every ounce of self-restraint he has in him to keep the desperation from his voice. "I'll be quiet and shit."

No matter how he phrases it though it's going to sound desperate, he realizes after the words have already left his mouth. His teeth clack with how hard he squares his jaw, biting the insides of his cheeks to keep himself together.

"Fine, I guess," George shrugs. "Just be gone when I get out, okay?"

Wait no no no, that's not what he was asking!

"George—" Sapnap starts, but George already has his back to him, opening the bedroom door to slip into the hallway like Sapnap wasn't speaking to begin with.

Sapnap watches him leave, waiting on edge like he's going to magically change his mind and come back for him.

Eventually, he slumps down, defeated. The tension drains from his body that feels battered and bruised from the rough treatment just moments ago. He's cold, freezing actually, and George's words replay on an endless loop inside his head. Useless, nothing, every other word that sounded hot at the moment now weighing on his mind. George doesn't really think that right? Does he

actually think he's stupid? Is he not good enough or something?

That's why George would never want to actually be with him, a voice in the back of his head supplies. He's good for a quick fuck and that's about it.

Maybe he is stupid, because how could he ever think he was good enough to be with George? His crush is stupid, the way he loves him is stupid, him laying in his bed right now is stupid! He needs to get up.

Slowly, he pries himself out of the bed, tacky with cold come and lube that has dried to his skin and is beginning to flake.

This time, he collects his clothes. He doesn't bother putting them back on since he's literally just going down the hall where no one will see him. His ass hurts, and he imagines it's only going to get worse with time, so he gets a head start on getting to his room and avoiding George in the process even though it's the last thing he wants to do.

Dream's arrival is quiet and unannounced. He didn't get back until fairly late at night, so he sent a quick text to their groupchat that he made it, and that was that.

Sapnap shivers under the blankets of his bed, staring at that text that he received an hour ago now. He wants nothing more than to go see him, wrap him up in a big hug, but he's glued to his bed right now.

He's freezing cold, and his stomach hurts, chest burning with anxiety, about what he isn't sure though. Maybe he's getting sick. His whole body seems to ache, especially his ass which hurts fiercely now. If he didn't feel like crying constantly he'd joke that George is literally a pain in his ass right now, but every time he goes to text him that for a quick laugh, he ends up sobbing, clutching his phone through watery tears that never seem to stop no matter how hard he holds his breath.

He just wants to see him. He wants to curl up in bed with him and watch a movie or sit on the floor while he plays a game, *anything*. He feels so isolated right now, trapped even.

Dream has never pushed him away though.

What if he does though?

Sapnap's grip on his phone tightens. What if Dream pushes him away too? Tells him to go away, or something? The thought makes him want to cry all over again but all he wants is a hug. Can he get one from Dream? Just a quick one, and he'll come back to his room. He won't bug him, he won't be a problem or give Dream any reason to push him out like George did.

Just a quick hug.

Sapnap's heart picks up as he carefully slides out of the bed, staggering to his feet despite the ache.

He moves slow to his door, peeking his head out. George is asleep, or at least has his lights off in

his room, but Dream's are still on, a faint glow coming from under his doorway that spills out into the hall.

Sapnap tip toes to the door, knocking hesitantly.

For a split second, there's no answer and fear grips his heart that Dream is going to ignore him.

"Come in!" Dream calls faintly.

Sapnap jumps, and goes to open the door, then hesitates, hand on the handle.

He's scared, he realizes. He's fucking scared of Dream of all people, the one person who has literally never given him a reason to be afraid in his life.

But still his heart is pounding and there's a small tremor in his hand with the force it takes to hold back more tears.

Slowly, he pushes the door open and peers in.

Dream is curled up in bed, laptop sitting on his thighs, looking soft and comfy and inviting. His hair is extra curly as it so often is after a shower, freshly shaven, and the smell of his bodywash drifts through the room and wafts towards him. He gives Sapnap a bright smile, tilting his head like a puppy. "Hey, I didn't know you were still up."

"Yeah," Sapnap brings his arms up, wrapping them around himself in a semblance of a hug.

"... What's up?"

"Nothing," Sapnap shakes his head quickly. Fuck, maybe this was a bad idea.

"You seem off," concern drips from his voice like melted sugar. He closes the laptop and sets it on the nightstand beside him. "Wanna come sit in bed?"

Instant relief washes over him like a bucket of ice water on a summer day. Sapnap can only nod, throat tight as he rushes in close, practically throwing himself into the bed with him.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks, scooting over to give him room. Sapnap doesn't hesitate to dive under his blankets and make himself at home, comforted by the familiar scent of his best friend.

"Can I have a hug?" he asks, voice coming out smaller than he means for it to.

"Of course," Dream holds his arms open.

Sapnap squeezes his eyes shut against the tears that threaten to spill as he pushes his head into Dream's chest, wrapping his arms around his waist to hold him right. Dream's warm hands settle on his back, holding him close, easing the anxious dread in his stomach.

He could stay there forever. Each rise and fall of Dream's chest is a comfort that he didn't know he needed until he got it and now he can't get enough.

"Sapnap?" Dream asks quietly.

Sapnap can't say anything.

"What happened?" Dream asks gently.

Sapnap just shakes his head. “Nothing. Nothing happened. I’m okay.”

The lie hangs heavy in the air, smothering and constrictive.

“I’m okay,” he repeats more firmly, though the tears and snot in his voice takes away from his tone.

“Okay,” Dream agrees, petting his hair. “I believe you. Wanna lay down? We can cuddle.”

Sapnap snorts and Dream huffs in amusement. “I’d like that.”

He pulls away from his chest, immediately meeting Dream’s eyes.

“Don’t look at me,” Sapnap snaps, hurrying to wipe his face clean, embarrassment flooding through him.

Dream looks away quickly, and guilt eats him alive at how he just yelled at him.

“I’m sorry,” Sapnap melts into the bed, clutching his stomach that twists with pain. “I didn’t mean it, I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, Sap,” Dream assures so gently, so reassuringly, it only makes him cry harder. He holds him tight, rubbing his back while Sapnap sobs into his chest like a child, clutching his shirt in his fists. It’s ridiculous, George has always said hurtful shit, he shouldn’t let it get to him now. It feels like he can’t get ahold of himself though, and an awful voice in the back of his head insists that

George is right, that he meant it all, every nasty, cruel word he said to him.

“Let’s lay down okay?” Dream guides him gently, pushing on his shoulders to get him to lie down. He goes, too exhausted to fight it.

Dream settles in behind him, pressing his chest to his back as he wraps his arm around him, holding him close.

He doesn’t say anything else, but there’s no doubt that he notices how Sapnap’s shoulders shake until he falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think :D

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Dream finds out what Sapnap and George have been doing and ends up in between them.

Chapter Notes

Thank you [Selvish](#) for beta reading this and catching alllll the typos lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Sapnap wakes up, he's alone.

The room is empty, and the sheets are unfamiliar, but as he squeezes his eyes shut against the sun streaming in from the window and rolls over, he catches a whiff of Dream's coconut shampoo, fruity and faint against the fabric.

Yesterday's events don't come back to him in small increments, and the memories don't flood through his brain like a dam breaking. He didn't sleep well enough for that. Instead, he wakes up with the full weight of his and George's actions on his shoulders, acutely aware of it all. He can still easily hear George's voice, echos telling him he's useless, he's stupid, to leave, the shame written on his face. It's all there.

What's arguably worse is how he went crying to Dream about it too. Embarrassment makes his stomach twist in knots, shame eating him alive. That was a stupid thing to do. He should have toughed it out in his room like a big boy instead of going crying to Dream like a little bitch.

And now he has to face the both of them.

Like right now. Because if he strains his ears enough, he can hear noise in the kitchen, meaning Dream is probably cooking breakfast and George loves when Dream cooks for them all so he's bound to show up eventually if he isn't already sitting at the breakfast bar, watching Dream do all the work for him.

He doesn't want to do this. He wants to curl up in Dream's soft blankets and pull the comforter up over his head and ignore the day. Maybe if he pretends it didn't happen, no one will mention it and they can go on about their lives.

... That isn't very likely. Dream definitely saw him cry last night, and heard it, and felt it too probably with the way Sapnap was heaving. He's going to ask, and Sapnap will have to lie, and when he insists on knowing what happened... What does he even tell him?

Sapnap stares up at the ceiling, trying to think. No excuse comes to mind, none that would satisfy Dream anyways.

Whatever, he'll just wing it, because he has to piss and his stomach is rumbling at the thought of breakfast.

He uses Dream's bathroom because the lucky fucker got the master and the bathroom is connected. He feels a little better after he pisses, but as he tucks himself back into his pants and makes his way down the hall, dread grows in the pit of his stomach with every step he takes. Regret is starting to build up inside of him but it's too late as he comes into view of the kitchen.

Sure enough, George is sat primly at the breakfast bar, sipping on one of the peach teas he likes so much.

His stomach falls out at the sight of him. Fuck fuck fuck, he's not at all ready for this, he doesn't want to be around George right now but George is looking straight at him now and there's no way he can tuck tail and run now, not with big brown eyes watching his every move.

He doesn't say anything. Not a hi, or a good morning, or so much as a tiny acknowledgment of his presence.

Sapnap grits his teeth and gets closer, willing himself to act like nothing's wrong.

As he gets closer and Dream comes into view, Sapnap's jaw drops.

"Why are you shirtless?"

Dream's back is broad, a constellation of freckles and beauty marks drawing down to the dip of his lower back, his low-slung plaid pajama pants letting the band of his briefs peek over the edge.

Sapnap shuts his mouth quickly before he starts drooling.

"Sapnap!" Dream perks up like a damn dog. He has no right being as cute as he is. "I was doing dishes and I splashed myself," he shrugs, muscles flexing with the movement. He keeps stirring whatever it is that's in the pan in front of him. "So I just took my shirt off. Got cold. I made eggs! And there's bacon and George is supposed to be making toast *but-*" Dream turns around, a bright smile on his pretty face. "He's being lazy."

"I'm not lazy," George grumbles.

"Lazy brat. *Oh Dweam can't you just make the toast for me toooooo-*"

"That is not what I sound like," George drops his head, cheeks bright red.

"Whatever. Anyways, what's up with the hickies?" Dream asks casually.

Sapnap's stomach drops for the second time that morning.

His hand flies up to his neck, that pit of dread in his stomach threatening to swallow him whole.

He didn't change. He's still in his pajamas. The oversized t-shirt he wears hangs down low across his neck, not at all the high necked hoodie he promised George he would wear.

Oh no no no. He's disappointed him again. That's probably why he didn't say anything to him this morning, he's mad at him again.

Sapnap's stomach churns. He's never going to stop fucking up is he?

"Umm..." he stammers, trying to hide. "I'm gonna go change-"

“What? No breakfast is done,” Dream stops him, turning off the stove as he dumps the eggs into a bowl. “Well, minus the toast.”

He continues moving around the kitchen, meowing with Patches as he gets her food out and gives it to her. Usually, the sight would make his heart ache, but his stomach is in knots and he can hardly breathe right now, so he can marvel over how cute Dream and Patches are together another time.

“Sit,” Dream points to the spot beside George.

He sits, because Dream told him too and he’s a little afraid to make this a bigger deal than it actually is, no matter how much he wants to take off running to his room. He can do this. He can get through breakfast.

Dream spoons out the eggs and the bacon pieces between three plates, sliding two in front of him and George before standing on the opposite side, looking at them.

“That’s way too many eggs,” George shakes his head.

He has a point. Dream gave them both a mountain of them, the yellow and white fluffy bits falling on themselves as they settle.

“I didn’t know how many to fix so I fixed the whole carton,” Dream explains sheepishly, a little smile playing at his lips.

“Idiot.”

“You’re so dumb,” Sappnap huffs. “How can we eat twelve eggs? Who does that?”

“Okay well, between all of us there’s only like three eggs each, it’s doable,” he giggles, though his cheeks are pink as he takes a bite. “Anyway, don’t change the subject, what’s up with the hickeys? And the black eye, like what the fuck did you do while I was gone?”

“Those are bruises actually,” Sappnap blurts out. “Not-not hickeys.”

...

“Smooth,” George snorts.

Dream quirks up an eyebrow in disbelief. “And you got bruises all over your neck from...”

“Um...”

“And George also has bruises,” Dream takes a bite. “That he thinks he’s hiding.”

George’s face goes bright red. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Uh huh.”

“I...” Sappnap looks to George for help. George only stares back though, no emotion on his face that would help him figure out what to say.

Sappnap takes a bite of eggs. And then another. And another, anything to avoid talking.

“Well?” Dream asks with a little giggle. “What was it? You’re both acting so sus it’s like you hooked up or somethi-” A quick, sharp look from George has Dream stopping dead in his tracks,

eyes widening.

“Oh.”

Sapnap cringes, staring at his plate.

“ *Oh.* ”

George coughs, doing a poor job of suppressing one of his nervous laughs.

“Oh my god.” Dream sits back so suddenly, Sapnap’s eyes snap up to his face. His jaw is dropped, a scandalized look on his face. “You slept together!”

“Are you m-”

“You fucked! You banged. You did it. Did you? Am I right right now? Holy shit, you guys... how the fuck out of the three of us was it you two that got together first?!” Dream shouts.

“It started as a fist fight,” Sapnap offers, startling a giggle out of George and a scoff from Dream.

“Of course it did, I don’t- okay, well, yeah no I don’t know why I’m even surprised right now,” Dream laughs incredulously. “You two had *sex* . How many times?”

“A few.” “Twice and a blow job.”

Dream looks between them, an unreadable look on his face. “I cannot believe this right now. You two actually hooked up.”

“Dream-”

“You fucked without me,” Dream frowns. “What the fuck.”

Sapnap’s jaw drops.

George stares.

Dream takes another bite of his fucking eggs. Like it’s nothing. Like he didn’t just announce that he wanted to fuck them too.

Dream looks up, looking between their plates and them. “... Are they not good?”

“... They’re good,” George answers, shoveling them into his mouth.

Sapnap picks at his. They are pretty good.

No one says much at breakfast, and when Sapnap does dishes and George disappears into his room, no one stops him.

He’s busy scrubbing at the pan Dream used when he comes up beside him, picking up the dish towel. “Wanna talk about last night?” he asks gently, drying off a cup that had been left out from the night before.

“Not really,” Sapnap sighs. He thought he was doing better, but now that Dream’s brought it up he’s miserable all over again.

“Was it about you and George?”

“No,” he lies, handing Dream the pan and starting on the plates. “Just... I don’t know. Got overwhelmed and felt like shit I guess.”

“Oh,” he hums. Sapnap can’t decide if he believes him or not, but at least they move on.

Later, he gets a text from George.

George: come to my room

George: now idiot

Sapnap stares at the message, mildly terrified. He doesn’t really want to talk to George right now, and he definitely doesn’t want to hear what he has to say to him about Dream finding out. But... him finding out was fine in the end though right? Because he wants in.

He’s going to have to face him eventually, anyways. He might as well get it over with.

With a deep groan, he pulls himself from his gaming chair, leaving his monitor on. Whatever George wants shouldn’t take too long, he’s probably gonna yell at him, maybe they’ll get in another fight, and then he’ll go on about life like normal.

Each step down the hallway feels like certain dread, but he’s made it to George’s room in no time. The door is slightly propped open, and he takes that as an open invitation, forgoing a knock and walking straight in.

“What do you want now?” he asks, putting on all of the bravado he can muster. He still really feels like shit, especially around George after yesterday.

“Sap,” George coos.

Finally, Sapnap looks over at him.

It takes a second for him to process what he’s looking at exactly. Blonde hair, curls wound tight around delicate fingers, a body between George’s legs.

Sapnap’s jaw drops. He tries to form words but not a single thing is coming to him, not when he’s met with George’s satisfied grin as Dream takes his cock in his mouth, bobbing up and down along his length, broad hands spread out over George’s thighs. Dream is down to his underwear, and George is completely naked, hair ruffled and cheeks flushed like they’ve already been making out before George thought to text Sapnap.

“Look Dreamie, I told you he’d come,” George smiles. “Like a dog.”

Oh.

Oh my god.

They're doing this. This is a thing that's happening right now. And yeah, he kind of fucking hates George right now but Dream is here now and he looks so pretty and Sapnap's mouth is filling with drool faster than he can swallow.

"H-hey Dream," his voice cracks embarrassingly, earning a half chuckle from Dream. He pulls off, and surprisingly, George doesn't push him back down.

He turns, looking over his shoulder at Sapnap with spit slicked lips, panting as he struggles to catch his breath. "Hi Sap."

"What um... why am I here?" he asks, more for clarification than anything else. He just wants to know.

"Want you too," Dream wiggles on his knees excitedly. "Please. I know you want me too Sap, come on. You're so-"

"Easy," George adds with a giggle.

"Well okay, I wasn't gonna say *that*," Dream giggles. "Obvious, more like it."

Sapnap grins. In all the chaos with George, it was too easy to forget that they're his best friends. Hearing them laugh together, laugh at him, makes his heart feel a little lighter in his chest.

"Was I?" Sapnap asks, taking a few steps closer. "I don't think I was that obvious."

"Kind of were," Dream smiles dopily at him, silently calling him closer.

Once he's within reach, Dream presses his face into his thigh, nosing along his pants. "You should stay. If you want," he adds as his nose runs over his crotch teasingly. "I want you to."

"Fuck," Sapnap sighs. Even just Dream barely touching him is getting him hot and bothered. He doesn't know how he could possibly be this horny, he's had more sex this past week than he has in months. Maybe it's just because it's been with George and now Dream too that makes it so exciting. That has to be it.

"Are we going to talk about this first or just get straight to it?"

"Later," Dream whines. "Want you."

"Least someone does," George snorts.

Sapnap scowls, feeling his mood sour. "Fuck you."

"You did, remember?" George cocks his head to the side curiously. "You sucked at it though."

Sapnap sneers, pride flaring. He didn't do *that* bad, George just- he got him so worked up, what was he supposed to do?!

George reaches around, grabbing hold of something and tossing it at Sapnap. He catches it instinctually, looking down at the half used bottle of lube. "Maybe you can be better for Dream."

Dream wiggles his hips invitingly, leaning forward to push his ass out for Sapnap in invitation.

He turns, taking George's cock back into his hand, rubbing his hand up and down the shaft.

George's hips jump at the stimulation, shooting Sapnap a look he can't put a name to.

"Get to work, Sap," George hums dismissively.

Sapnap grins. "Is that a challenge? Are you *challenging* me right now?"

"What? No," George quirks an eyebrow up at him. "Unless you want it to be a challenge."

"I am going to fuck him better than you ever could," Sapnap answers cockily, going to his knees behind Dream eagerly.

"I haven't even gotten the chance to fuck him yet, idiot," George turns his nose up at him, but his hand tightens its grip in Dream's hair, pulling his face closer to his cock.

"Does it matter?" Dream whines breathlessly, face pressed up against George's dick. "Just fuck me, quit arguing like a bunch of—" Sapnap cuts him off by grabbing his hips, running his hands up and down his best friend's sides appreciatively.

How long has he wanted this? Longer than he wanted George, but not by much. He doesn't even know when it happened, when his feelings for Dream morphed into something more than friendship.

He marvels at his back, running his hands up stretches of freckled skin, pale from all his time indoors. He teases along his sides, Dream squirming at the ticklish feeling.

Sapnap smiles softly, keeping a firm grip on his hip as he runs his fingers down his spine to the dip of his back, playing with the band of his briefs. "Want me to take these off?"

"He's kind of busy," George giggles when Dream doesn't answer verbally. He does wiggle his hips back, pushing into Sapnap's hands in invitation.

Sapnap takes that as a go ahead, slipping the band down his ass and over his thighs, exposing his perky ass and perfect thighs that make his mouth water. He works them down his calves, leaving Dream naked.

He ignores his cock, plastering himself over his back to kiss down his spine with worship, making up for lost time with as many kisses as he can fit in before Dream gets impatient. In the back of his mind, he hopes this isn't a one time thing. Even if it's nothing but sex like it is with George, Sapnap will take it, anything to be close to him.

He kisses right above his tail bone, grabbing at his ass, massaging the globes in his hand before parting them, exposing his hole.

He grins to himself, leaning down to nose along his taint and up to his hole, tongue darting out to glide over his rim.

Dream's entire body tenses, a sound resonating from his chest at the action. Sapnap does it again, laving broad swipes of his tongue over his hole that tightens and flutters under the stimulation. He pulls off again, looking up to see George staring intensely at him. He looks pleased, filling Sapnap's chest with a warm fuzzy feeling. He likes knowing that he's making him happy right now, animosity put on the back burner for now.

Dream is vocal, every swipe of his tongue drawing some new noise from him. Sapnap groans, lapping at him hungrily. He runs his fingers through the spit that's gathered, using it to slip a finger inside to get his tongue inside of him. Dream groans loudly, hand flying back to grip Sapnap's hair,

only to be met by his hat that is now barely hanging on. Dream wildly flops his hand, knocking it off to replace it with his hand, grabbing fistfuls of his curls and pulling his face in impossibly closer.

Sapnap's dick twitches, still trapped inside his pants and boxers. He can't get enough of him, eating him out like he's starving.

"You're doing good, Sap," George comments. "He, *ah*, keep- fuck, Dream," George leans his head back, unable to even get a full sentence out with Dream's lips wrapped around him.

Sapnap fumbles around for the lube with his one free hand, knocking the bottle with his knuckles before he's able to grab ahold of it.

"Nice," George comments at his fumbling.

"Shut up," Sapnap groans against Dream. He pulls his finger out, uncapping the lube blinding and squirting some into his hand. He rubs it around, warming it up because he's a gentleman, thank you very much, before bringing his wet fingers up to his hole. He circles his rim, leaving a trail of kisses along his skin as he replaces his mouth with his fingers.

"George," Dream whines.

"Just wait," George coos above them. Sapnap looks up, surprised to see George holding Dream's chin, red cock leaning against his stomach. "You're such a good boy, huh? You're so good for me."

Sapnap sneers internally. George never told him *he* was a good boy. Then again, George's preference for Dream has always been clear.

Whatever. Now isn't the time to get riled up. George may appreciate him being hot headed and rough, but right now he's focusing on Dream.

"Gonna be good and let Sap use you?"

Sapnap slips two fingers in at once, cock jumping as he imagines the stretch for Dream, the slight burn at being filled so suddenly. He waits patiently, sucking bruises on his ass that will mirror the ones George left on his with his hand come morning.

"Yes, wanna be good," Dream whines needily, knees shifting with eagerness. He's so fucking cute it makes Sapnap smile to himself.

When he deems Dream adjusted enough, he begins to move his fingers, nipping along his skin as he curls them up, angling to hit that spot inside of him that will send shocks of pleasure up his spine. He knows he's found it when Dream whines, high pitched and needy. He shifts back on Sapnap's fingers, trying to get him to hit it again.

"You're so slutty, Dreamie, look at you riding his hand, does it feel good?" George coos, voice dark and warm like melted honey.

Sapnap sinks a little at the sound of it, letting it wash over him. He's not even speaking to him, but something about George puts him at ease more than anything else, especially when he talks and sounds like *that*.

"Yes," Dream takes a shuddering breath as Sapnap continues thrusting his fingers again and again, rubbing the pads of his fingers against the bundle of nerves until Dream keens and rocks his hips to

get away from it for a second.

“You’re doing so good,” Sapnap kisses above his tailbone once more, slipping a third finger in beside the others. “You gonna take me?”

“Yes, yes I want it,” Dream spreads his legs impossibly further, trying everything he can to get Sapnap in closer. “Please, please fuck me Sap, I need it, please?”

“Okay,” Sapnap promises, fucking his fingers in and out some more. “Gotta stretch you though, baby, don’t wanna hurt you.”

Dream whines, flopping his forehead down against George’s knee. George pets through his hair, scratching lightly at the base of his neck.

A few more thrusts, and Sapnap deems him ready, pulling back completely to rid himself of his pants and boxers that he hadn’t bothered to take off until now.

He pulls them down haphazardly, letting them bunch around his knees in his haste to pick up the lube. It’s kind of hot when he thinks about it, him wearing clothes while George and Dream are both naked. It gives him a little more power, or at least it feels that way.

He slicks his cock up, groaning at the feeling of finally touching himself. It doesn’t take much to get himself fully hard, lining the head of his cock up to Dream’s wet hole that flutters again at the slight brush.

He rubs the head of his cock against his hole, sliding his shaft between his cheeks.

“Sap,” Dream whines. “Don’t tease me.”

“Nu-uh,” George tsks, grabbing his chin again tightly, bringing his head up to look him in the eye. “Quit being a whore and let Sappy do what he wants. You don’t get a say, got it? He can tease you *all* he wants, and you’re gonna take it.”

Dream moans, nodding frantically. “Okay, okay, Sap, just. I-”

“Be good,” George reminds.

Sapnap feels dizzy with how fast blood travels south. George is so fucking hot when he’s being all dominant and shit.

“What do you want, Dream?” Sapnap asks. “I want you to say it for me.”

“Please fuck me, please please please,” Dream pushes hips back.

“What are you?”

“A slut, I’m a whore, I want your cock, Sap, please!” he cries, looking back at him.

Sapnap is shocked to see tears beading in his eyes. Pleasure radiates through him to know he’s the one who’s made him so desperate like that.

“Okay, I hear you,” he smiles, rubbing his hand along his back soothingly. “I’ve got you.”

He pushes the head of his cock against his hole, letting it slide inside. Dream is so fucking tight, warm and all-consuming. Dream moans, and George guides his cock against his lips, rubbing it against his face before Dream takes it back in his mouth.

George looks up, catching Sapnap's eyes once more.

"Are *you* gonna be a good boy, Sap? Do a good job? At least better than what you did with me?"

"Shut up," Sapnap growls, thrusting in harshly. He wants nothing more than to reach up and wipe that arrogant look right off his stupid face.

Dream moans, and Sapnap refocuses on him instead of George's antagonizing. He pushes in slowly the rest of the way, rubbing along his hips comfortably. He's not nearly as worked up as he was with George, he's not going to be a quick shot this time.

Dream chokes around George's cock, and George groans, every noise they make going straight to the burning hot arousal simmering in his gut.

He starts slow, pulling out almost all the way before pushing back in as deep as he can go. He wishes Dream could talk a little, moan more, make more of his breathy little sounds, but there's something about having both their dicks inside him right now that is driving him insane.

Sapnap keeps the pace gentle and slow, angling until Dream groans as his cock brushes against his prostate. Once he finds it, he speeds up, hitting it the best he can with every thrust. He feels so fucking good, Sapnap bites his lips and leans his head back, digging his fingers into his hips to drag him back with every thrust.

George is breathing heavier, he realizes, looking up at George who's flushed from his cheeks down to his chest. Even his stomach seems red, tense, muscles twitching as he pushes Dream's head up and down, fucking his mouth like he's a toy.

"Fuck fuck fuck," George groans. "Close, lemme come in your mouth, baby, swallow it," he instructs, Dream making a sound of approval the best he can with his mouth full.

Sapnap speeds up, earning punched out sounds from Dream that mixes deliciously with George's as he gets closer and closer.

Finally, George stops. He pushes Dream's head down as far as he can get, eyes squeezed closed and his jaw dropped open as he fills Dream up.

Sapnap doesn't stop, fucking into him harder and harder. He wants Dream to *feel* it as he chokes on George's dick.

When he pulls off, George flops back against the bed, leaving them to their own devices now that he's gotten what he wanted. Typical.

Sapnap reaches up, grabbing ahold of Dream's hair and pulling him back, using it as leverage to fuck into him as hard as he can. "Such a good slut, holy shit. Can I come in you? Huh? Fill you up and eat it out after?"

Dream sobs, nodding frantically. "I'm close, I'm close Sap please!"

"Come on just my cock, baby, such a good slut for me," Sapnap gasps, head swimming with the thought of Dream being able to come on his cock alone, no stimulation to his own.

He pounds into him furiously, Dream choking and gasping all the while until his body seizes.

Sapnap fucks him through it, not bothering to touch his cock while he comes.

“Such a fucking whore, holy shit,” he breathes, chasing his own orgasm now. He tightens around him with every pulse of his cock, and there’s no way he can last much longer like this.

“I- Sap!” Dream cries as ruts into him.

“Don’t even need to touch your stupid cock, huh?” George asks, finally recovered enough to sit up and watch. “That makes sense.”

Dream pants and knees as overstimulation sets in, sweat starting to fall down his face. He pushes into him a final time, grabbing hold of him so tightly he hopes it doesn’t hurt as the room goes white around him. His chest heaves, rising and falling rapidly, Dream’s knees shaking with the effort to stay up.

Aftershocks ricochet through his entire body, the world coming back to him in slow increments. Slowly he lets go of Dream’s hair, letting him fall back against George’s knees as he pulls out.

“Come here, Dreamie,” George invites. “Come lay with me while Sap eats you out like he promised.”

Dream stays still, and for a second, Sapnap worries he’s going to admit to it being too much, but then he clambers up the bed, flopping his whole body over George and knocking him back against the mattress.

“Sap please,” Dream whines. “Make me come again, please, I need it.”

George helps situate him, spreading his knees around his waist.

Sapnap crawls up the bed too, eager to get back to eating him out. It’s a bit awkward, working around George, but he makes room for himself, settling across his knees to get access to Dream.

Dream works his way back onto his knees, presenting his ass to him with a tired little wiggle.

It’s so fucking cute Sapnap could scream. He parts his cheeks, rubbing his thumb over his red, puffy rim. Come and lube drips lazily out around his thumb, so thoroughly used it makes his cock twitch just looking at him.

“Sap,” Dream whines.

“You’re okay,” George promises him with a small kiss to his cheek.

“Yeah, you’re okay,” Sapnap agrees, reaching between his legs to find his cock. He’s half hard as Sapnap takes him in his hand and works his shaft, making his hips tremble and jerk.

He leans forward, licking over his rim. The skin is feverish against his tongue, loose enough for him to lick inside at his come that spills out around his tongue. He sucks around him, working his cock as he swallows down his own come. Dream moans loudly, sounding down right pitiful with the overstimulation.

George steals him in a kiss, making out with him lazily while Sapnap works. His jaw is starting to ache but Dream’s reactions are so worth it, so pretty and breathless if Sapnap didn’t just come he’d be hard again just listening to his pornographic moans that leave him in a constant stream.

Sapnap licks over his balls, sucking on them softly as his hand speeds up, over his taint and back to his hole that has to be sore by now. He laves at it tenderly, sucking what little is left of his come and swallowing it down.

“Close,” Dream groans against George’s lips.

“Such a good slut, huh?” George purrs, followed by wet smacks of his lips as Dream is peppered with kisses. “Coming twice for us.”

“For me,” Sapnap reminds smugly. He squeezes his fist, twisting it with each upward stroke.

Dream’s moans are becoming yells, incoherent babbling falling from his lips. It only takes a couple more tugs of his cock before he’s shooting off on George’s stomach below them, a weak little amount compared to what he came earlier.

Sapnap kisses his hole one last time before letting go of his poor, overstimulated cock. Dream gives him a grateful look out of the corner of his eye as Sapnap crawls up to the top of the bed, flopping down to catch his breath.

Holy shit.

They did that.

They all had sex. Sapnap ate Dream’s ass. Twice. And he didn’t even hit George this time.

He glances over at his best friends, Drea tucked up tight against George’s shoulder, his face smushed into the crook of his neck.

That was fucking intense. And it had to be intense for Dream too.

His stomach tightens at the thought of how he always feels so down afterwards. He doesn’t want Dream to feel like that too. The thought of Dream crying all alone in his room like he did or hiding away in his bed all day makes him feel sick.

Sapnap looks to George who has his fingers curled at the base of Dream’s neck, holding him close. He looks content right now, peaceful even, but Sapnap *knows*. Any second now he’s going to jump out of bed and go shower, kick them out like they mean nothing. Getting kicked out always feels the worst out of it all, knowing George doesn’t care. The first time he did it was such a shock, such a shitty feeling Sapnap doesn’t think he’ll ever forget it.

He’s not going to do that to Dream, Sapnap decides.

He waits. He watches, and as the afterglow fades and as George begins to stir, he jumps into action before he can even make it out of the bed.

“Come on,” Sapnap grabs Dream’s hand gently with a sharp look at George that has him freezing in place.

His eyes widen at the glare, confusion evident on his face as he settles back against the bed.

Good. Stay there, he thinks. *Don’t make Dream feel like shit for no reason .* “Let’s go shower, kay? You and me.”

Dream nods, still looking dazed. He tucks his face into Sapnap’s shoulder, smiling softly against his skin which makes Sapnap shiver.

“Sap wai-” George starts, only to cut off with another sharp look.

“Just stay here,” Sapnap sighs dismissively.

He's not going to do it. He isn't going to give George a chance to hurt him this time, or Dream. Besides, his mother taught him there isn't any use sticking around where you aren't wanted, and George has made it clear time and time again he only wants him for one thing.

"... Okay," George sits back with a frown, resigned. "... Are you guys going to come back?"

Sapnap shrugs, guiding Dream out of the bed. "Don't think so."

The silence is tense that follows, heavy with emotion.

"Oh," George replies, quiet. "Okay then."

He sounds disappointed, and for a second as they make their way down the hall to Dream's room, guilt threatens to clog up his throat, but he swallows it down. He's probably only disappointed he didn't get a chance to be an ass. Nothing more.

Dream follows sluggishly, and Sapnap makes a point of shutting George's door behind him. It's a clear message not to follow them, and it feels a bit like punishment, satisfaction burning brighter than the guilt.

He drags Dream down the hall and into his bathroom, flipping on the light and turning on the shower.

Dream just watches, making no move to help as he strips out of his clothes that had managed to stay on the whole time.

Sapnap stares him, and Dream grins, staring back. "Hi."

"Hi," Sapnap giggles. "Come on, Handsome, into the shower."

Dream is like a wet noodle, leaning all over Sapnap every chance he gets. Sapnap has to force them both under the spray of the warm water, letting it wet both of them before picking up the shampoo.

"You have legs you know," Sapnap sighs, holding Dream up while he washes his hair. He scrubs at the golden strands, letting the suds run free from them.

"Yeah," Dream hums. "But you can hold me."

"Oh I can, huh?" Sapnap giggles, trying to grab for the body wash and his loofah without dropping the idiot.

"Yeah," Dream smiles happily, tilting his head back unhelpfully. "Because you love me and ate my ass."

Sapnap rolls his eyes fondly, suppressing his laughter as he cleans them up.

"You love me right?" Dream asks happily, as if he doesn't already know the answer.

"Yeah, I do," Sapnap huffs, washing himself off haphazardly. "Do you love me?"

"Course I do," Dream preens. "I love you and I love George."

Sapnap purses his lips. He loves George too, but there's too many conflicting feelings to say it. Instead, he changes the subject. "Come on, let's dry off and go watch a movie or something."

"In your room?" Dream asks. "Or with George?"

“Just you and me,” Sapnap kisses his cheek. They don’t need George.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought!

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

George is upset at being left by himself, and confronts Sapnap about it leading to a heated moment in the kitchen.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much [Selvish](#) for helping me so much with this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George waits.

Isn't that ridiculous?

Sapnap told him he wasn't going to come back with Dream. He told him that. And yet here he is, staring at the door, waiting for the slightest sign of them. The jiggle of the door knob, a quiet thump in the hallway, anything to tell him they didn't really leave.

He picks at his nail, and for a second he swears he hears movement in the hallway, but when he strains his ears he's met with nothing but static silence and he slumps down once again. And waits some more.

He wanted to shower with them too. He wanted to follow after them like a lost puppy and wash their hair and flick water at them and take care of them. He just wants to be a part of it, even if they didn't all fit, he'd sit outside the shower and talk to them. *Anything*. He'd even wait in Sapnap's room if he told him to, just so he could watch a movie with them. Sapnap could pick, and he wouldn't complain or give him too hard of a time about it, and he could hold Dream close and they could all talk about this mess that they're in.

George stares longingly at the door.

They aren't coming back for him.

Theoretically he knows he can leave his room too, but the way Sapnap had looked at him made it clear he wasn't welcome.

And it's his fault that he's not welcomed, right?

George huffs, pressing his face into the pillow. Emotion swallows him whole like a tidal wave, pulling him under into murky depths until he can't breathe against the pressure on his lungs and he chokes.

He wishes he could be different, he really does. He knows he's hurt Sapnap over and over, how could he not? Their rooms share a wall, he hears everything he does, he's heard him cry after George hurt him time and time again.

He just...

George bites the pillow under his head. He bites it until his teeth ache and the pressure in his heart lessens just enough that he won't cry. He's not going to cry.

Sometimes he just wants to ask though. What did he do to make Sapnap hate him so much? When did he stop caring about him— was it when he got here, or was it before he moved an entire country to be with him?

He doesn't understand. Every day it's the same god damn thing and he's tired of it! He hates how Sapnap just walks in and hits him and how he says over and over and over and over and over and over how much he hates him! It's killing him! He just... he wants to scream! Scream and yell and tell Sapnap to fuck off, he doesn't know what he did or what changed or why he hates him so much, he just wants him to *stop*.

George takes the spit soaked pillow out of his mouth, curling his nose at it as he scoots away enough that it's not touching him. There's no use trying not to cry now, his cheeks are wet and he knows once he starts he's not going to stop.

He can throw a fit all he wants though, he knows it's his fault.

George wipes furiously at his face, scrubbing his cheeks till they're raw under his palm. He knew this was going to happen, he just didn't know when. He didn't think it would be so *soon*.

George is nice in theory. He knows he's not bad looking, he can make people laugh, and he's got enough charm to get him through, but it only lasts for so long. He takes things too far, he doesn't know when to stop, and he'd like to think that Sapnap and Dream love him unconditionally, but he knows that's not true. It is conditional. And it was always only a matter of time before he went too far and they decided he's not worth it anymore. It's how it goes.

At first he thought it was just Sapnap pushing him away because he needed space. That's fine, George can give space, but then the fights started and half the time he didn't understand why or what he did and he couldn't even ask because it just made Sapnap *seethe*. Sapnap started to make it obvious he didn't want him around, George didn't know what to do, and then Dream left and they had sex and Sapnap looked so *vulnerable* laying in his bed...

Shame creeps up into his throat.

He's not stupid. He knows how to give aftercare and he knows he should have given it to Sap, but he didn't because he knew it would hurt him, like that would make up for all the times Sapnap hurt him. And then he did it again and again and now here is, staring at the door, crying like a baby because he pushed Sapnap away until he and Dream have finally had enough of him.

He was going to do better this time. He promised himself he would, he wasn't going to leave Sapnap or Dream, he was going to do it right. He had it all ready, a fresh pack of wet wipes sitting on his desk amidst the clutter and towels in case they needed them. There's even some of Dream's fancy glass water bottles filled up and waiting in the fridge for them, ready to go.

Sapnap never even gave him the chance to get out of bed though.

George stares at the door, wondering what they're doing together right now. Dream is probably so cute right now with wet curly hair, Sapnap too. They both remind him of puppies, big, overgrown puppies. Dream seemed so out of it when he left too, George hopes Sapnap will take care of him well. Better than all the times he abandoned Sapnap at least.

Slowly, he grows bored of staring at the door. Why it takes him nearly an hour to get it through his head that they aren't coming back, he has no idea. He should have known when he heard Sapnap's tv come on in the room next to his, but he held out hope.

Finally he takes out his phone, scrolling through all the social media he has. Nothing holds his attention longer than a few minutes, and he finds himself drifting to the group chat he has with Dream and Sapnap.

... Is it a bad idea to ask?

Probably.

Gerge: what are u doing?

Minutes pass, and the next thing he knows it's been half an hour, so he tries again.

Gerge: are u guys still watching the movie?

Gerge: is it okay if i come in ?

Gerge: i'll sit at ur desk or somthn

Gerge: please

He debates on sending the last message. Normally he would never resort to begging but he feels like shit and all he wants to do is be around his best friends.

Hours pass, the tv turns off, the house goes quiet and dark, and still he waits.

The next morning- or afternoon rather- George can't bring himself to get out of bed. He knows he should, he told Dream they could talk today and honestly, they all three really do need to, but the

thought of being around them after he begged and they ignored him hurts too much.

He sustains himself on snacks he has at his desk, spending most of his time on the Internet doing various tasks to keep himself entertained without having to step outside of his room. He even edits for a while, because editing is more appealing than spending time with his best friends now.

He feels pathetic.

After a while though, there's no more avoiding it. It's been hours since he woke up, he's ignored texts from Dream and Sapnap and basically everyone else too. He's starting to smell, and he really needs to piss, find food, all the boring stuff. If he was a Sim, his diamond above his head would be on orange.

George rolls out of bed and trudges off to his bathroom, making quick work of peeing and showering. By the time he has fresh clothes on and doesn't smell funky anymore, he feels a bit more human, though his head aches from crying last night and his nose is still a bit red.

The next stop is the kitchen, where he scarfs down a carelessly made sandwich. It doesn't even taste good, but he eats it and feels better in the end for it, so he's going to count it as a win.

Just as he turns around, ready to retreat back to his room though, a voice stops him dead in his tracks.

"Hey."

George stiffens. "Hey."

"What are you doing?" Sapnap asks, coming a little closer into the kitchen.

George rolls his eyes at that. What does it look like he's doing?

"Eating," he scoffs, setting his used plate down into the sink. "What are you doing?"

George carefully glances out the side of his eye to gauge Sapnap's mood. He's smiling, which is a plus, but why he's smiling at George, he doesn't know.

"Standing here," Sapnap shrugs in that goofy way where he hides his hands in his sweatshirt that's a size too big.

In fact, the closer George looks at it, the more he doesn't think the sweatshirt belongs to him at all.

"... Is that Dream's?"

"Yeah," Sapnap smirks with a shit eating grin. "Swiped it this morning."

George frowns, a sharp stab in his stomach. They probably woke up together this morning, they probably went to Dream's room together without him, spent time together just the two of them while George sat miserable in his room for hours.

"Why did you ignore me last night?" George barks before he can even think it through.

"When?" Sapnap asks, a dumb, blank look on his face before a spark of recognition flashes across his face. "Ohhh, you mean last night? We didn't need you."

The words hurt more than they should. He wants to say that he needed them though, that he wanted them, but the words don't come, and he can't force them out. Instead, he says, "You still can't just

ignore me though, that's not fair."

"Like how you ignored me multiple times? Yeah, because you deserved it, stupid bitch."

George blinks heavily, chest hollow. "It's not my fault-"

"No, it is. It really is. It was payback," Sapnap grins.

George's jaw snaps shut so hard his teeth ache. Hurt swirls inside his stomach, snaking up his spine and strangling him. "So you read my texts and didn't respond to get back at me?"

"Mm," Sapnap tilts his head. "Yeah, I did."

George can't speak past the lump in his throat, fighting back tears by biting his lip. He clenches his fist, glaring Sapnap down who looks so fucking proud of himself.

"It felt pretty good too," Sapnap admits cockily. "Especially when I heard a little snuffle from your room ya know-"

"Shut up," George snaps viciously. "Just shut up!"

"You're such a bitch," Sapnap laughs. "Crying in your room because we left you, such a pussy. Can you not take-"

"Stop!" George growls, flinging himself into Sapnap's space. He uses his height to his advantage, shoving his chest against his as he stares down at him, their noses almost pressed together.

Sapnap squares his jaw, looking pissed off.

"You-you think I was upset last night?" George questions, pushing Sapnap back. "I wasn't. I was so fucking relieved you left," he lies through his teeth.

Sapnap stumbles. George pushes even harder, anything to keep that smug look off of Sapnap's face about hearing him cry last night. He can't take it. "I didn't have to tell you to leave like some kind of pathetic dog this time," George shoved him again.

This time, the dining room table comes into contact with Sapnap's ass. He trips, and George shoves him again and Sapnap tips over, hands flying to grab onto George's shirt as falls backwards.

Sapnap's head hits the table with a loud thunk and a yelp escapes his lips.

For a second, George feels bad, but then the thought of Sapnap laughing at him while he cried last night fills him with such vile embarrassment it melts into anger, defensiveness, like he has to hurt Sapnap to protect himself, and isn't that how they got in this problem to begin with?

It's too easy though to grab hold of Sapnap's hips and hoist him up onto the table the rest of the way.

Sapnap's eyes widen, pretty green staring up at him with mild confusion, but still his thighs part, welcoming George closer.

"You're so easy," George whispers as he leans over him, knocking his stupid hat off with a flick. It flops back against the table, releasing the wild curls he loves to see so much. "I haven't even touched you yet and you've got your mouth open for me."

Sapnap's mouth snaps shut from where his lips had been parted. His eyebrows furrow, and for a

second he thinks he might push him off, but Sapnap really is easy.

“What are you doing?” Sapnap asks, eyes tracing down George’s face. He can feel them linger on his lips, down his chin and to his neck, gaze so heavy it’s a physical touch against his skin.

“What do you think I’m doing?” George asks, because again, isn’t it kind of obvious?

He can practically see the gears turning in his head, and while Sapnap tries to make his tiny little brain come up with an answer, George slips his hand around his neck, pressing his thumb and forefinger against either side of his neck. He doesn’t squeeze down, but he holds Sapnap against the table like that, leaning down teasingly.

“Fuck,” Sapnap huffs, dropping his head back with a thunk. “You’re so hot it’s ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous,” George repeats with a scoff. “You’re ridiculous.”

“Just shut up and touch me,” Sapnap groans.

“Take your pants off then,” George orders. Falling into this role is easy too, easy as pushing Sapnap around and easy as deflecting. It’s all too easy.

Sapnap tries to sit up, but George pushes him back down with a quick tsk, gripping onto his neck tighter. “Uh-uh, I wanna see you struggle a bit. You’re cute when you’re pathetic.”

Sapnap looks away, face going red. “I’m not pathetic.”

“You sure look like it,” George looks him up and down, wearing his most unimpressed that he can muster.

Sapnap looks away completely at that one. It must have hurt, and his stomach clenches with a mixture of guilt and satisfaction that swirls in with the arousal brewing inside.

“Come on, take your shirt off for me,” George urges, leaning back to watch while keeping a firm hand on his neck.

Sapnap takes a deep breath and George watches closely as his fingers find the hem of his sweatshirt. He rolls it up his soft stomach, covered in hair and the occasional beauty mark that makes

George drool a little. The awkward angle makes it harder as he gets around his chest, and after watching him squirm a little, George relents, letting him sit up enough to ease it off around his neck.

He lays back down without hesitation, looking up to George for praise.

“Look at you,” George grins. “So obedient.” He places his hand on the center of his chest. Sapnap breathes heavily, shivering as George ghosts his fingers down the center of his stomach that quivers before sliding back up to cup his pec. George takes his nipple between his fingers, rolling the sensitive bud to make Sapnap’s back arch up, pressing himself into his hand.

“Say it for me,” George requests.

“Say what?”

“That you’ll be obedient for me,” George brings his other hand up, giving his other nipple the same treatment.

"I'm not gonna say that," Sapnap denies adamantly, so much assurance in his voice.

George twists down on his nipples hard, squeezing down cruelly at the sharp cry Sapnap lets out. "Ow! George fuck-"

"Say it," George requests again, pinching down. "Come on Sappy, I know you can-"

"Fuck George ow!" Sapnap pushes at his hands. "I'll- fuck you! I'll be obedient!"

George lets go, sitting back with a pleased smile as he soothes his fingers over the abused skin.

For all his complaining, Sapnap squirms at the feeling, pushing himself closer to George.

"You would be a pain slut," George laughs.

"You're so mean," Sapnap pouts. George wants to bite his lip the way it sticks out at him, kiss him senseless.

"If I'm so mean, why are you such a whore for me?" George asks.

"I'm not," Sapnap protests immediately, as if his thighs aren't wrapped around George's right now, and he isn't shirtless against the kitchen table.

"So you aren't going to take your pants off?" George tilts his head, watching Sapnap wrestle with the question. If he gives in, he's giving in to George's name calling too, but if he doesn't all of this ends, and they both know neither of them want that to happen.

Finally, he gives in. Nothing is more satisfying than watching his pride drop, fingers finding the band of his pants and pushing them down without a word. They get stuck around his thighs, but instead of helping, George takes a step back, watching with a gleeful smirk as Sapnap wiggles around trying to get them off. Finally he manages it, kicking his pants and his underwear off so he's naked against the table.

George looks him up and down. He's perfect, muscular with thick thighs and a pretty cock that sits soft against his thigh. His chest is firm, and George can't resist stepping back in between his thighs, running his palm over the broad expanse of his chest, chuckling when Sapnap flinches, expecting him to be mean.

"What do you think Dream would say if he walked out and saw you like this?" George questions, running his hands down his sides to the dip of his hips, squeezing down tight to watch him jolt.

"We literally fucked yesterday I don't think he'd-"

"You don't think he'd realize how much of a slut you are?" George takes his cock in hand, squeezing him tight. "You'd let me do anything to you, huh? Long as you get off," he squeezes him hard, massaging his thumb under the head of his cock. Sapnap takes a shuddering breath, staring up at George. "You don't even have to get off though, do you? You're so desperate I don't even have to touch you," George laughs, feeling his cock twitch in his hand. "You're desperate, and kind of useless just laying there like that."

Sapnap opens his mouth, making a move to sit up, but George is quicker, pushing him back against the table and putting his hand back around his throat. He jerks his cock rough and faster than necessary. Sapnap's knees come back up around his hips, and George squeezes down on the sides of his neck, watching his face contort with pleasure.

Sapnap tilts his pelvis, pushing into his hand, and George takes his hand away to smack his thigh, putting him back in his place before keeping up the brutal pace.

His movements are frantic and rushed, wanting to push Sapnap till it's too much and he sees tears in his eyes. He's so pretty when he cries, he can't help it.

"Can I smack you?" George asks.

"Yes," Sapnap nods frantically.

George doesn't hesitate, he lines his hand up and brings it down across his face hard, satisfaction blooming in his chest at how Sapnap's head whips to the side. He grabs hold of his neck again, squeezing down as he gets him off. It can't feel good, it's too dry, too fast, like George is punishing him for leaving him last night.

When Sapnap looks back at him, there's those pretty tears in his eyes that George had been searching for.

"Hurts," Sapnap bites out, hips jerking up into his fist erratically. "Fuck, I like it! Keep going, please."

"Pain slut," George accuses again with a smirk. It does make him feel a little better though to hear that Sapnap likes it.

"Choke me," Sapnap requests, presenting his neck the best he can in his position.

George squeezes down again, harder this time, watching his face turn redder and redder before letting go. Sapnap takes a heaving breath, precum dribbling down his cock and onto George's fist.

The words make him want to reference Corpse's song, but he's not in the mood to be silly with Sapnap right now, as much as he misses laughing and joking with him.

"Close," Sapnap warns, chasing his climax with every pump of George's fist.

... He's so disinterested in this entire scene, George hardly cares if he's close or not.

When Sapnap comes, George keeps up his ruthless pace, squeezing down on his neck as Sapnap's muscles lock up, mouth open and eyes squeezed shut.

He knows he should stop, but it's a little fun watching pleasure melt into burning overstimulation, how Sapnap's hips that had once been chasing his hands now fight against the table to get away from him, choked, pretty sounds falling from his lips in half moans and pleads.

"Geor- ah- ple- ah ah ah please George ow please-"

"What's wrong?" he tilts his head, massaging his cock and keeping him from going soft.

"Too much!"

"Want me to stop?"

"No! No no no yes I don't know George please-" Sapnap cries, tears streaming down his face.

George takes his hand away, and Sapnap lets out a sob. "No don't don't stop I take it back please-"

"Make up your mind, Sap," George can't help but laugh, taking hold of his cock once more. He's a

little gentler this time, holding him by his neck still and jerking him off again. He's careful not to hurt him, or go too far, knowing he's already sensitive. He rubs his thumb over the head, smearing come down his length, revealing in the sounds Sapnap lets out.

"Think you deserve a treat?" George asks.

Sapnap nods frantically, eyes squeezed shut.

"Apologize first," he orders. "For leaving me." *For making me cry.*

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Sapnap chants breathlessly. "George come on please! I'm sorry I won't- I won't tease you again I shouldn't have laughed at you-"

George winces. So he was right, Sapnap did hear him crying and he laughed about it. Was Dream in on it too? He has so many questions, but most of all he feels nothing but hurt.

But, Sapnap did as he asked, and he deserves a reward.

George lets go of his neck, sliding down his body to press his face into his thigh. For a moment it's comforting, but George doesn't let himself linger- he can't. Instead, he wraps his lips around his dick, sucking on the head. Salty come coats his tongue, and broken moans fall out of Sapnap's mouth with every bob of his head.

His hands try to weave into George's hair, but he's not about to let Sapnap fuck his mouth, so he bats him away, looking up in a silent command not to touch him.

Sapnap looks distressed at that, but flops down against the table, sliding his fingers through his own hair instead while George goes back to sucking him off.

It takes no time at all for him to be coming again, shooting off into George's mouth. He swallows the bitter liquid, playing with his balls until Sapnap pushes his head away.

"Too much," he breathes.

George smirks. He looks so fucked out, hair a mess and cheeks flushed and eyes dazed. He sits up, reaching into his pants to pull out his cock that's been ignored since they started this. He doesn't really feel like getting off, but he also doesn't want to give Sapnap the satisfaction of being the only one to come this time.

Sapnap lays pretty for him, stretched out and tired while George grabs hold of his thighs, pulling him down the table till he can jerk off over him. He moves his hand just as hard and fast as he did Sapnap's, the same punishing way. It hardly feels good, but he wraps his hand back around Sapnap's throat and does his best to push himself to an orgasm.

"Worthless slut," he breathes, moving his hand frantically over his dick, breath catching in his throat. Sapnap looks so fucking good like this, naked and out of breath, face red and come on his stomach. George squeezes harder around his throat, head back at the tight feeling growing in his stomach.

"George," Sapnap's hand finds his wrist. He doesn't pull him away, he simply holds onto him, and something in his heart cracks at the small gesture of being held close by the person he loves so much.

George shakes his hand off of him. It's not real, Sapnap doesn't mean it, he's probably just holding onto him for lack of anything else to hold onto.

Sapnap looks hurt, but he retracts his hand, keeping them to himself.

When George finishes, it's so unsatisfying he genuinely can't think of a worse orgasm. Come dribbles out of his cock onto Sapnap's stomach, mixing in with the mess already on him.

George pants, hardly even struggling to catch his breath with how weak of an orgasm that was.

His disappointment is palpable, and he wonders if Sapnap can feel it too.

Without a word, George runs his fingers through his hair before climbing off of Sapnap, tucking himself back into his pants.

"George?" Sapnap asks, sitting up on his elbows.

George looks with apathy at Sapnap, naked and panting against the table, looking up at him, dazed. He has a choice here. He could stay, he could take care of Sapnap, help him get dressed and cuddle him and whatever else he needs, or he can be cruel and go back to his room.

It seems Sapnap is waiting on that same thing. He watches George closely, looking so, so vulnerable.

George takes a step closer, and Sapnap's face lights up. He visibly relaxes a little, and George's gaze hardens.

He stares into his eyes. "You're *worthless*," he bites out, just to stab a knife into his heart.

It's not the same as saying it during a scene or during sex like they just did. It's deliberate, meant to hurt, and it does.

Sapnap looks shocked at first, like he can't believe George would actually say something like that to him. Then, it morphs into something sadder... broken.

To twist the knife in deeper, George looks him up and down, before turning around.

"George?" Sapnap asks, voice small and barely there. "Don't-"

He doesn't stop. He walks down the hall without a second look at Sapnap and his stupidly big puppy dog eyes that follow him, burning into the back of his head.

"George!"

He wants to cry. He wants to go to his room and be alone and curl up in bed and cry, but the hateful voice in the back of his head tells him one last way to make this all so much worse, one last way to punish Sapnap.

Instead of going to his room, he opens the door to Dream's, searching the room for him. The man is sitting at his desk, headphones on and oblivious to the world.

George schools his features as he goes inside, escaping Sapnap's brokenhearted stare as the door closes behind him.

Dream looks over his shoulder at the sound of the door, and George forces a smile. "Hey."

Dream grins, always a ray of sunshine as he takes his headphones off. "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Can I come sit for a while?" George asks, already making his way to the bed. Dream doesn't

usually tell him no, especially when George isn't asking for something in particular.

"Sure," Dream nods. "I've got some stuff to do but I'll be finished in a little bit."

A door slams in the hallway so hard the walls shake, making them both jump. Dream's head whips to the door, peering at it as if he could see out into the hallway. "What was that?"

"Sapnap being a baby," George replies, guilt gnawing at his insides.

"Did you start something again?" Dream looks at him with a small, worried smile.

George doesn't answer, and his silence is enough.

"You've got to stop pissing him off so much," Dream shakes his head.

"I know," George slides into his bed, finding comfort amongst the pillows and blankets. He buries his head in Dream's one of pillows, inhaling the scent of his shampoo.

When it becomes obvious that George isn't going to elaborate, Dream turns back to his work on the computer, slipping his headphones on.

And once George is sure Dream isn't paying attention to him anymore, he lets himself cry.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought!

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Sapnap tells Dream what has been happening, but when he does not react the way he expects him too, Sapnap begins to think he shouldn't be with Dream or George anymore.

Chapter Notes

Thank you [Selvish](#) for beta reading this for me!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap doesn't know how much more of this he can take. Maybe he should go stay with Karl for a bit or Punz or Foolish— hell, his parents, he doesn't know, just anything to get away from George.

He haunts his every waking thought, the way he told him he's worthless before leaving him there like an open wound with salt rubbed into it with every reminder. He can't believe George would do that to him. He may not like him but that was a low blow. And then to go to Dream's room the way he did? He knew Sapnap wouldn't follow him there. He did that on purpose. He wanted to make it hurt more and he succeeded.

Sapnap wipes his eyes, sitting on the floor closest to the door. He knows George is with Dream again right now, they've been hanging out a lot since George hurt him so badly. He can't tell if he's still doing it on purpose or not, but either way it's isolating. He hasn't had the chance to get even an ounce of comfort from Dream without George showing up and it's driving him insane.

He's been debating on if he should tell Dream what's been happening between him and George, and he's decided today is going to be the day. As soon as he hears Dream's door open he's going to dart in so George can't come back in this time and he's going to tell Dream everything in hopes that it'll help. Maybe Dream can help them talk things out, or Dream will chew George's ass, *something*.

Either way, he's going to tell him.

Sapnap wipes his eyes again. They're raw from how much he's been crying lately, face red and angry to the touch.

He's patient, gnawing on his thumb and listens closely. He knows George is going to go fuck with Karl when he goes live he just has to wait until-

The notification of Karl going live sounds like a gunshot in the quiet air. Sapnap jumps, looking down at his phone to read it, and like clockwork moments later the door to Dream's room opens, the soft pad of feet following down the hallway.

Sapnap waits till he hears George's door shuts before he stands up and opens his, rubbing at his

face with his damp sleeve once more as he inspects the hallway. The coast is clear as he walks the short distance to Dream's room. For a moment he panics internally because while he had a grand plan to tell Dream what's been happening, he didn't exactly think about what it is he'd say. Now he's underprepared staring at his plain white door.

Before he can chicken out, he raises his fist and knocks once before opening the door, knowing Dream would let him in no matter what.

With a quick sweep of the room, Sapnap locates where Dream is by a tuft of curls sticking out from the mess of blankets. Briefly, he imagines George laying there with him, on his chest or curled up beside him.

"Hey Sap," Dream calls brightly with a warm smile. "You just missed George."

"I know," Sapnap smiles sadly.

Dream gives him a little pout, his big puppy dog eyes looking at him with faux sadness. "We could have all cuddled."

Sapnap doubts it. He can't imagine how George would have treated him had he come in and interrupted his time with Dream. He probably would have said something offhand, made his disdain for him known until Sapnap gave up and left.

"Yeah," he gives him a tight lipped smile, coming closer.

Dream pats the bed beside him in invitation, pushing the blankets back for him. Sapnap takes a deep breath, clambering into the warm nest beside him and immediately throws himself face first down on Dream's chest. He lets out an 'oof' at the impact, but his arms immediately come up around him, and Sapnap takes a shuddering breath as he holds back more tears.

"You okay?" Dream asks gently.

"I'm fine," he lies. "I'm fine."

"... Like you were fine the first time this happened?"

His words are soft and sweet and kind and Sapnap looks up at him through his wet lashes, heart swelling with so much love for him he's sure it could burst at any second.

"Will you kiss me?" Sapnap asks softly, craning his neck up at him in invitation.

"Duh," Dream huffs as if it should be obvious that the answer is yes. He presses a gentle peck on his lips.

Sapnap frowns. "That's not enough."

"It's not?" Dream grins. "How many more do you need?"

"At least ten," Sapnap spits out a number. "Hundred. Ten hundred."

Dream kisses him again and again, short little pecks all over his lips, chin, cheeks and nose until he giggles, a wet sound startled out of him. He cringes to escape him, the scratch of his chin making it tickle that much more as he chases him for kiss after kiss until Sapnap is halfway down the bed and Dream is folded in such an awkward angle he has to sit up to catch his breath, a huge smile on his face to match Sapnap's.

“You’re so dumb,” Sapnap cackles.

“*You said* you needed ten hundred kisses, I didn’t even give you half of that, come’ere,” he starts grabbing for Sapnap again, making him squeal as he dives under the blankets to get away from him, laughing uncontrollably at the hands grabbing at him through the blankets.

“Stop! Dream, stop it!” he cries, yelling even louder as Dream grabs hold of his hoodie and yanks him up the bed and out of the blankets like a scruffed cat.

“Alright, alright,” Dream chuckles, pressing one last kiss to his cheek.

The room falls into comfortable silence as Dream smiles down at him before timidly asking, “Are you okay?”

“I…” Sapnap trails off. Does he really want to tell him and ruin the moment? It’s the first time in so long he actually feels happy, which is fucked up and he knows it, but it’s true.

One look at Dream though, and he knows he’s not going to drop this. He can’t come to him sad twice and not be questioned about it. Dream is more persistent than a puppy, he’ll badger Sapnap until he spills because he cares way too much. His chest feels warm just thinking about it.

“It’s about George,” he offers weakly, drawing his arms up around himself.

Dream tilts his head. “George? What about him?”

“He um… can you like lay down and hold me for a sec? I need cuddles,” he requests.

Dream smiles a little at that. “You’re cute,” he hums as he slides back down the bed. He lays his head on the pillow next to his wrapping his arms around him beneath the blankets. He’s so warm and solid, it makes things a lot easier to say.

“George is really fucking mean to me,” he blurts out. “And he makes me feel like shit.”

“Did something happen?” Dream tightens his arms around him, voice dripping with concern.

Sapnap hesitates, heart thumping up into his throat.

“You can tell me anything, Sap,” Dream promises, and the dam breaks. He’s blurting the words out faster than he can think them through, stumbling over his words in an effort to get them out as fast as possible.

To Dream’s credit, he listens, and doesn’t interrupt. Sapnap starts from the beginning, that first time they had sex together, and each encounter that followed. He recounts all the fights, physical and verbal, and Dream rubs his back when he starts crying over how George left him time and time again. He stays quiet even when he admits to hearing George cry the other night while Dream was asleep next to him after they all had sex, and he holds Sapnap tightly when he tells him how George had treated him just the other day.

“He told me I’m worthless and then he just fucking left,” Sapnap presses his face into his chest. “He made me feel so fucking bad, Dream, he hates me.”

“I’m sorry, Sap,” Dream whispers, petting his back.

The validation is a physical relief as it washes over him. That simple ‘I’m sorry’ means so much to him.

Sapnap holds him even tighter, squeezing his sides as he wipes his wet face on his chest. Dream is infinitely gentle with him, threading his fingers through his hair and scratching gently at the base of his neck.

“I don’t know what to do,” Sapnap admits.

“... Is there anything to do?” Dream asks, sounding genuinely confused.

Sapnap looks up. “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know...” Dream gives him a small smile. “Don’t you think you’re... I don’t know, being a bit dramatic? It kind of sounds kind of like it’s just George being George.”

As soon as the words settle over him, the bottom of his stomach drops out. “Huh?”

“Like,” he can see the gears turning in Dream’s head, working out the best way to say what he’s trying to convey. “Okay, he definitely shouldn’t have called you names, I’m not saying he’s in the right here, but you guys are always antagonizing each other, ya know? So I guess I’m trying to think what you did to piss him off too.”

“What the fuck do you mean?” Hurt strikes through his entire body like lightning. “I didn’t do anything! He fucking-”

“Sap, hey,” Dream shushes him. “Don’t yell at me. I just know there’s two sides to every story, and I know George can be a dick sometimes but that’s just George being George, it’s who he is. And we love him anyways, right?”

Sapnap freezes. He just poured his heart out to dream about how awful he feels and that’s what he says?

“It’s just George being George,” Dream justifies once again, and Sapnap thinks if he hears those words again he’s going to be sick. “And.. it’s kind of you being you, right? Or at least from what you’ve said.”

Him being him? What does that even mean?

Sapnap swallows against the lump in his throat, choking back tears.

He should have known. Dream always favors George, he should have fucking known.

“You’re right,” Sapnap forces a thin smile. “I probably am.”

Dream frowns. “Sap I didn’t mean-”

“It’s okay,” Sapnap lies. “You’re probably right, seriously. I’m overreacting.”

Dream bites his lip, looking conflicted.

Sapnap pushes his face into Dream’s chest once again, hiding from him.

“We can talk it out with George okay?”

Sapnap’s lip wobbles pathetically. “I don’t think we should.” He can’t handle seeing George’s smug face when Dream takes his side in front of him again. “It’ll just make things worse.”

“... Okay,” Dream concedes. “I told him he needs to be nicer to you, I don’t guess he listen, huh?”

Sapnap shakes his head, unable to speak. Burning hot tears brim in his eyes, spilling down his cheeks and into Dream's shirt. He doesn't say anything, and Sapnap's grateful for the chance to cry in peace. His mind races with the knowledge of how Dream reacted, and he wonders if it'll always be like this as he shudders and heaves through his sobs. He can't imagine living like this forever, he can't handle it.

Maybe... maybe they would be better off without him. George made it clear he doesn't like him, he doesn't care what Dream says. George did that shit on purpose, and Dream *still* took his side. He loves him, he loves them both, but this is too much, and they don't love him enough for it to be worth it.

Slowly, he cries himself into exhaustion, and held up next to Dream's warmth, his eyes slip shut.

"Hey."

Sapnap blinks at the sudden voice, drawn out of his sleep by Dream moving around in the bed.

"Hey. Is he asleep?"

Sapnap's blood runs cold at the sound of George's voice. Fuck was he asleep that long? Karl usually streams forever, but to be fair he was also exhausted.

"Don't wake him up." Dream warns, voice gravely as if he had just woken up too himself.

"Why not?"

"Because he came to me *crying* because of how mean you've been lately."

"... Oh."

"Just let him sleep."

Sapnap stays still, listening to George and Dream talk. The longer he can pretend to be asleep the better.

"Can I get in bed too?" George asks timidly.

"Yeah just- careful, okay?"

Slowly the bed dips as George climbs into the bed, shimmying over him to lay on Sapnap's other side.

George is warm, smooshing against Sapnap with a gentleness Sapnap honestly didn't think he possessed. He slides a warm hand up Sapnap's back, and Sapnap can't stay still any longer.

He pulls away from George, pressing further into Dream.

George retracts his hand instantly, and a bitter taste fills his mouth as he blinks the sleep from his eyes.

“Oh, sorry, Sap,” Dream whispers, hand finding his waist beneath the blankets.

Fuck. He almost forgot. Almost.

Being trapped in between them is not something he wants right now, especially if Dream wants to bring up what Sapnap told him earlier and try to play peacemaker.

His stomach rolls at the thought, and while he doesn't feel like he could cry anymore, his chest still feels heavy. He can't do this.

He should tell them he can't do this.

He has to tell them that he can't do this anymore.

He looks up at Dream's face, soft in the evening light, green eyes looking back at him with such fondness he can only describe it as love. Unable to stomach it, he looks to George. George has an amazing ability of being completely unreadable though, and he can't even begin to name the look on his face when he looks at Sapnap.

... He can't do this. Not right now.

Would it be so bad to pretend everything's alright just one last time?

He mulls it over to himself while Dream and George begin discussing Karl's stream and how it went. They laugh softly together at something that happened as Sapnap considers his options. He could go to his own room, figure his shit out, call it off without hurting himself even more.

... Or he could enjoy one last time with the both of them before he ruins everything. Not that it would ruin anything for them though if he told them he can't be with them. They'd still have each other, they'd still be sickeningly in love. George would be happy, and Dream might be a little hurt but he would get over it quickly. It's Sapnap who would suffer on his own, watching his best friends be together, knowing he loves them more than anything.

One last time. It's not like he isn't a broken-hearted mess already. It can't get any worse.

Sapnap reaches out, winding his fingers into George's soft white t-shirt. It's worn, an obvious favorite, and George turns his attention to him mid sentence, looking at him with surprise.

For a second he questions if this is a good idea or not. It's nice in theory, but fuck, he doesn't want George to be mean to him right now. He does but he doesn't at the same time, he doesn't know what he wants, and he can't think when George stares at him because he's so fucking pretty and as his eyes drift down lower over his lips, all he can think about is kissing him.

He asks silently, leaning forward.

George glances down at his lips, asking for permission first before moving in hesitantly.

The first kiss is a silent goodbye, and George doesn't even know it. Sapnap squeezes his eyes shut, breathing in deep against him, savoring the bittersweet moment.

Is this the first gentle kiss they've ever shared? He thinks it might be. There's no anger behind their actions or heat, just gentle movements, not even a nip of sharp teeth and no taste of blood on

his tongue when he pulls away.

George looks wrecked after nothing but a single kiss. He's still leaning in as close as he can get to him, begging for more, eyes shut and lips parted.

Sapnap looks to the left at Dream who's watching them with that same fond look. He seems proud of himself, and Sapnap doesn't correct him. He'll let him believe that he calmed Sapnap down earlier, that he helped more than he hurt. It'll be better in the long run for Dream anyway to think he had no hand in Sapnap pulling away later.

He leans forward, and Dream kisses him softly, cupping his jaw to hold him close while their lips move against each other. It's not their first tender kiss, but it's one of their most meaningful, and never once does he let go of George's shirt, holding him close until he can give him attention again.

When Sapnap pulls away, he catches George's eye.

Instead of antagonizing like he normally would, Sapnap smiles, a hesitant peace offering. George's entire body seems to relax, like he wasn't prepared for a fight either, and it makes Sapnap feel a little better as he slides his hoodie off his overly warm body to know George isn't going to hurt him right now.

Once he's free of his hoodie, he goes for George's next, trailing his fingertips up soft sides as he works it up his body and over his head. It gets stuck on his chin, and Dream chuckles, lightening the mood.

"Shut up," George grins as he frees himself from it.

Dream sits up in the bed, working his shirt off too, before situating himself over Sapnap, pressing him into the mattress with a knee between his thighs to kiss him languid and real slow. Sapnap sighs into the kiss, falling into a pliant puddle beneath him. He lets Dream set the pace, dominate the kiss, whatever he wants from Sapnap he'll let him take until there's nothing left he can give.

The kisses grow sloppy, and George gets cagey, pushing Dream out of the way to mirror his position on the other side, sliding a knee between his thighs next to Dream's, and stealing him in his own sloppy, desperate kiss. Sapnap can't help the way his knees tighten against them both, or the way his hips chase the pressure against his groin.

George hums into his mouth, slipping a hand down his body and to his pants. Dream catches on, and together they work his pants and underwear down with some awkward maneuvering. As Dream sits back up, leaning further away to reach into the night stand beside the bed. He produces a bottle of lube as he leans back with a sheepish grin. "Do we need this?"

"Yeah," Sapnap nods eagerly. "Yes, please."

"Who wants to..." George trails off, cheeks pink. It's such an odd reaction from him, but Sapnap chalks it up to how different this feels from all the past times they've had sex. This is far more intimate feeling.

"I do," Sapnap says, not even trying to keep the desperate whine from his voice. "Please."

George smiles, but it's lost the cunning edge he usually has. He doesn't tease, he just kisses him, and not even his kiss is mean as he slides his pants off, naked like Sapnap.

Dream kisses his shoulder, grinning against his skin as he takes his dick in hand, giving him a

squeeze.

He wonders if Dream thinks this is fixing things, him and George both focusing on him. He probably does because that's who he is.

Sapnap will let him think that.

George takes the lube from Dream, squirting some out into his hand. "Can I open you up, Sappy?"

He's being so... kind.

Sapnap nods, and George kisses him again and again until he's breathless, slipping his hand down past Dream's. Sapnap spreads his legs, letting him in closer. His pretty fingers circle around his hole, rubbing the rim before slipping in. He goes straight to two and while the stretch burns, Sapnap can't say that he minds. He rocks his hips down against his hand, and Dream starts moving his fist against him, rubbing up and down his half hard shaft.

"Can I fuck you?" George asks against his ear. "Want Dream to fuck you? You're so pretty like this, puppy."

Sapnap shivers. It's the first time George has ever called him a cute pet name he's pretty sure. And the compliment— what is happening? Why isn't he being mean to him?

Is this how it could have been? If George loved him and Dream didn't always side against him, is this how things could have been?

Sapnap huffs and pants, rocking against them, filled with such devastating love it feels like his heart has been ripped out of his chest. It's not fair for them to give him a taste of what he could have had if things were different, not now that they're at the end.

"George," Sapnap begs. He can't take him being nice any more than he can being mean. "Choke me?"

"Why?" George told his head like a confused dog, slipping in a third finger and curling the digits up to rub against the bundle of nerves that send electricity up his spine. "Do you like it that much?"

"Yes," Sapnap nods, because truthfully he does, he loves when George is rough with him, but also he hopes if he's a little mean, Sapnap won't feel like *this*.

"Alright, baby, I can choke you if you want," George grins, and for the first time since this started that familiar glint of cruelty is back on his face.

He removes his fingers completely, leaving Sapnap open and wet, clenching around nothing.

"Please—"

"I'm getting there," George shushes him, pulling away to move down the bed. He kicks the blankets away as he goes, moving to sit between Sapnap's knees. He's so fucking pretty it's insane, Sapnap's never going to get over how beautiful George is, or Dream for that matter with his curly hair and bright green eyes.

George grabs the lube again, slicking his cock up and jerking himself off for a bit to get fully hard. He then pushes Sapnap's knees up, making his face go red and George guides his hands to hold himself open from behind his knees.

“So pretty,” Dream smiles, running a hand up and down his thighs. Sapnap shivers, a breathless sound falling from his lips as George pushes in. His mouth drops open at the feeling, going from empty to filled up so good he can’t imagine a better feeling.

George reaches up, wrapping his hand around his throat that same way he did before, pressing down on the sides of his throat as he bottoms out.

Sapnap gasps as Dream takes hold of his cock once again, this time with his other hand so he can reach in his pants and grab hold of himself too. He scoots a little closer, pressing a kiss to his shoulder as he pulls himself out. He switches his hand once more, pushing Sapnap’s out of the way behind his closest knee.

Sapnap catches on, letting Dream hold him open while he takes Dream in hand.

“You feel good, puppy?” Dream asks with a pretty grin.

Sapnap blinks at him.

‘Don’t you think you’re... I don’t know, being a bit dramatic? It kind of sounds kind of like it’s just George being George.’

Sapnap nods and squeezes his eyes shut, looking away from him.

George thrusts into him, setting an easy rhythm. It’s not punishing or too fast, just gentle and deep and it almost feels loving but he knows that’s not right. He’s worthless to him, he said that, he *knows* it; he doesn’t love him.

He takes a shuddering breath, barely remembering to keep touching Dream, working his length while he does the same for him.

It feels good, but the whole time he sort of just feels like crying.

Dream is sweet, kissing him constantly, and George keeps fucking him so damn gently he thinks he’s going to combust with each thrust.

“You’re so good for us, Sap,” George praises while Dream steals him in another kiss.

He doesn’t know how to respond to the praise. George should be hitting him right now, smacking him around, calling him a slut, *something*. Not *this*.

It’s too much it’s too much it’s too-

Sapnap takes a shuddering breath as he comes, trying his best to keep jerking Dream off too. Dream guides his hands while he goes still, cock pulsing with come that drips over his stomach.

Dream follows, coating his hand and letting out a pretty noise, and finally George, coming to stop buried deep inside of him.

Sapnap pants, and Dream drops his leg, letting his sore body rest. The room is quiet, and he can’t tell if it feels tense because he’s on the verge of a meltdown or because it actually is tense. Something definitely changed though, there’s no denying it.

George pulls out, flopping over into the bed beside Sapnap where he started out originally.

Fuck fuck fuck *fuck*.

He can't do this, he can't be here. He needs to get away.

His chest begins to rise and fall more and more rapidly while Dream's and George's are beginning to slow down. He can't get enough air caught in between them, they're too close to him, and after being so nice to him he can't imagine being kicked out now but he knows it's coming it's only a matter of time. Once George catches his breath he'll give him that *look* and Dream won't bat an eye when he makes some off handed comment or god even worse he reminds Sapnap of how fucking worthless he is-

"Sapnap?"

Sapnap blinks, surprised at how wet his lashes feel.

Dream is looking at him, worry written on his face.

Why? Why does he care?

"What's wrong?" He reaches across to rest his hand on Sapnap's chest.

Sapnap flinches instinctually, pulling away from him. That only pushes him into George though and that makes it even harder to breathe. And why would he ever ask what's wrong? So he can tell him he's dramatic again? That his feelings don't matter, just brush him off and tell him to calm down-

Sapnap sits up, looking frantically between the two of them. The gross wet slide of cum between his cheeks makes him cringe, he feels disgusting and he can't look at either of them, too afraid to be disregarded or told to leave.

He climbs out of the bed silently, and no amount of blinking will keep the tears at bay that slide down his face and off his chin in big wet drops. He ignores their stares, and their fake concern. He grabs his hoodie because the bright purple is the only article of clothing he can make out through his blurry gaze.

A hiccup escapes him, and George says his name, making a move to follow him.

Sapnap doesn't think.

He can't.

He clenches his hoodie tightly and starts towards the door, shutting it behind him. He goes down the hall to his room, locks the door behind him, and in the comfort of his room, he breaks down.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought! :D

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Sapnap confronts Dream and George.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much [Selvish](#) for beta reading this and helping think of what to do for this chapter :D

ALSO i know I said this on twitter but incase you didn't see it, thank you so much for all the comments, I've read them all and I cherish them, I just haven't had time to answer any AND I FEEL SO BAD I'm sorry, please know I've read them all though and thank you so much for leaving one :DD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The pounding on his door won't *fucking stop*.

Sapnap sobs into his hands, shaking while Dream knocks on the door over and over, begging him to open it. He's not going to though, he's not going to fall for it.

He takes a heaving breath into his hands, curled up against his bed, seated on the floor. He's still naked from the waist down, but he's too distraught to make it to his dresser for pants.

"Sapnap please! Come on, please open the door!" Dream yells, the door knob jiggling with his efforts. "Please, what's wrong? Just come out, we can talk-"

Sapnap sobs, curling further in on himself. He holds his hoodie tight, thankful he managed to work it over his head once he was in the safety of his room. He holds onto the sleeves wrapped around his fists, holding it close like a hug. He knows better, he knows if he would have stayed he would be even more hurt than he is now, he just needs Dream to fucking go away and stop acting like he care so much so he can breakdown in peace! Is that such a hard concept for him to understand?

"Please, please, why are you crying?" Dream begs, sounding desperate. "I don't understand, Sap, I just wanna help, please open the door? Did... Did we hurt you?"

Something in him snaps at that.

"Fucking duh! Stupid motherfucker," Sapnap growls, voice hardly more than a rugged growl from the tears streaming down his face. "Go away! Leave!"

The pounding on the door suddenly comes to an abrupt halt.

Sapnap stares at it with wide eyes, wet lashes sticking to the tops of his eyelids.

"... O-okay," Dream replies meekly.

Sapnap can practically see him, standing out in the hallway with his tail tucked between his legs like a hurt dog.

“Can... Can I help?” Dream asks quietly, trepidation hanging from his words heavy and deafening. “Can I get you anything at least?”

Sapnap chokes. He sounds so fucking sad and Sapnap hates it, he hates himself for yelling at Dream. George deserves it, but Dream doesn't, not when his only fault is loving George more than him.

“No,” He bites out, softer this time, and just loud enough for Dream to hear him through the door. “Just leave me alone.”

“Okay. I'm sorry,” Dream whimpers.

Sapnap slumps down, straining his ears to hear him leave.

A minute passes, then five.

Then an hour.

Dream doesn't come back and neither does George.

It's what he wanted, but as he shakes and sobs all alone, he can't for the life of him understand why he wants them here so badly.

The next morning, Sapnap wakes up feeling like shit. Worse than shit actually, like he's hungover after getting black-out drunk even though he hasn't had a drop of alcohol. His back hurts, his head hurts, everything hurts and before he even opens his eyes again he already wants to cry some more.

Slowly he sits up from his awkward position leaning against his bed, having fallen asleep on the floor where he had been crying so hard the night before. He blinks the sleep from his eyes, nose stuffy and eyes crusty from all the crying.

God, he's such a fucking pussy. He's cried way too much lately.

Sapnap wipes his face, taking a deep breath as he pulls himself up from the floor and stretches. He's sat on the floor for so long the carpet left indents on his bare ass, because he also didn't manage to put pants on last night either. His legs are sore from being curled up in the same position for so long, creaking and popping as he stretches.

His body feels really fucking gross, but he isn't about to out outside the comfort of his room just yet, so instead he makes do with a tissue, wetting it with a water bottle to clean the worst of the crusties off his body. It's fucking nasty, but it's the best he's got.

Next, he slides on some clean clothes, soft grey sweatpants two sizes too big so they're practically falling off of him, and a big hoodie he can hide in. It's comforting to know he just looks like a box of fabric with hardly more than his face and hands showing, and even those are easy to hide, wrapping the sleeves of his hoodie around his fists. He puts on a hat in a faux sense of normalcy,

and chugs the remaining water from an abandoned water bottle at his desk. It tastes a little funny, but again, it's the best he's got.

... He's actually miserable. This is pathetic.

Sapnap sighs deeply, and takes a seat at his computer. He turns on music to drown out his overwhelming thoughts that swarm his mind till it's nothing but white noise, and takes a moment to collect himself, running his fingers through his hair while he tries to think of what he should do next.

He needs to figure out what to do next.

... What does he do next?

He's completely lost.

Sapnap's bottom lip trembles, but he's not going to cry again. Instead, he takes out his phone, and messages the one person he knows he can always rely on.

Sapnap: can i come stay ?

The response comes quickly, much to his relief, not leaving him enough time to chicken out of it.

Karl: sure but i'm not home

Karl: cali bb

Sapnap slumps down, defeated.

Sapnap: okay, thanks anyways. Love u karl

Karl: love you too handsome you okay?

Sapnap's throat tightens, closing his phone with a deep sigh. He can't lie to Karl.

He looks around his desk, trying to think of what to do now. Punz?

No. With his luck he'd get the same response, and even if he didn't, he doesn't really want to tell Punz that he's heartbroken and running from Dream and George, that's humiliating.

... He's stuck here.

Sapnap slumps down, defeated. He could always go to a hotel, but that seems extreme even for the situation, and he doesn't really have the energy for all of that either.

There's a noise out in the hall, but Sapnap doesn't even bother turning around, simply turning his music up a little louder so he wouldn't have to hear their voices.

Realistically Sapnap knows he would be better off without them. They'd be better off without him too. It's a shit situation, but George doesn't love him, and he isn't going to try and force him to, and the painful treatment is too much.

He should tell them today. Just break it off, clean and easy. He'll grab snacks beforehand and hide them in his room with an empty bottle so he won't have to leave his room for a while afterwards while he makes arrangements to go live with Karl. He doesn't think he could stand to stay in the same house as them and watch them love each other knowing they will never love him back.

"What are you doing?"

Sapnap jumps out of his skin, so high up the chair bounces as he spins around frantically.

George is standing there in the doorway of his room, a dainty silver key in hand that he tucks into the pocket of his pants.

Sapnap places a hand over his chest as if to calm his beating heart, staring at George. "What the fuck are *you* doing?"

"Just... wanted to check on you," George offers softly.

Sapnap's face warms with the reminder of gentle hands running up his sides, how nice George was last night. "Where did you get a key?"

"The drawer in the kitchen with the other spares. I thought I'd try it," he steps further into his room. His hair is still ruffled from sleep, soft and warm and beautiful. He looks so huggable right now and god, does it sound nice to barrel into his chest and squeeze him tight.

Sapnap's throat tightens, hands balling into fists at his side.

"Are you okay?" George asks tenderly, concern dripping from his tone. "Dream said... Dream said we hurt you?"

Why does it sound like he cares? He doesn't.

Sapnap tries to remind himself of that over and over.

"I'm fine," Sapnap bites out defensively. He hates George when he's being nice to him like this, it feels so wrong. It makes him feel like he's about to trip and fall onto a land mine and he won't be prepared for the explosion.

George walks closer and closer, and Sapnap has to choose: run or stand there and let him invade his space.

He stays put, knees locked and fists ready.

George's eyes are soft as he looks Sapnap over, gently reaching out slowly, and steadily.

Sapnap waits with bated breath to see what he does next.

George slides his hand along Sapnap's face, rubbing his thumb through the coarse hair that lines his jaw, and over the flat plane of his cheek.

What the fuck is happening?

Sapnap flinches away from the gentle touch, knocking his hand away with fury. “Don’t touch me.”

“Why not?” George asks with a smirk, but his eyes are soft, so incredibly soft and it makes his heart positively ache.

Sapnap looks over his face frantically, trying to figure out what’s happening right now.

“How did we hurt you? Was I too rough?” George asks, reaching out to touch his neck.

“No,” Sapnap swallows, reminding himself to breathe.

“Then what’s wrong?” George asks softly, wrapping his fingers around the back of his neck, pulling him close.

Sapnap melts. That small touch is the slightest bit of comfort, and he’s weak, wanting nothing more than for George to hold him. His heart races so fast he thinks he might be on the verge of hysterics, not sure if he should run away or hold him too.

George’s eyes trace down his face, lingering on his lips, and with a subtle pause, he leans forwards, pushing his lips against his.

It’s sweet, wholesome, the kind of kiss one would get under the mistletoe, or the kind you’d share in public. There’s no gnashing teeth or twisting tongues or spit slicked whines that sound like something out of a mature video. Just gentle, soft, and sweet.

Sapnap breathes heavily, a single tear slipping down his cheek. He doesn’t understand and he’s not *scared* of George but he’s scared of the moment, like any second things will shatter and leave him more broken than before.

He tries. He pushes into George to deepen the kiss and nips at his lip till George lets out a pained groan, but still George doesn’t respond in kind and all the fear and sadness bubbles inside of him, twisting into a form of gnarly, righteous anger that burns so deep he can feel it in his bones.

Sapnap doesn’t think, he just acts.

Planting his hands firmly on George’s chest, he shoves the man back with an unexpected force, sending him stumbling away.

Sapnap wipes his mouth, eager to get rid of the spit that lines his lips, wanting to wash all remnants of George off of his body like he’s nothing more than dirt and grime.

“Stop,” he snarls, hating the look of surprise on his face. He has no right to be surprised.

“Why did you push me?” George frowns.

Still, he never once looks at Sapnap like he normally does. There’s no malice on his face, or hate, just surprise.

“Because!” Sapnap groans. He can’t vocalize why he’s so pissed off right now, everything is too overwhelming and he needs to get out of here, ego be damned. He’ll go stay with Punz.

Sapnap starts searching around for his keys and George stares at him in confusion while he ruffles through his desk and his bed, looking to see where they could be.

“What are you doing? Can you just like stop for two seconds and tell me what’s wrong? How am I supposed to fix it if you won’t tell me wha-”

“Stop! Stop with the questions! Just stop!” Sarnap shouts. He’s got to get away, he’s got to get away, where are his keys? Fuck fuck fuck.

“Don’t yell at me, it’s not my fault,” George pouts.

Just like with Dream, something snaps inside of him.

“It is your fault though! It literally is!”

George’s frown deepens. “What are you talking about? I’m trying to take care of you and you’re acting crazy-”

Take care of him?

“Why would you try to take care of me?” Sarnap sneers. “You never have before. Even when I fucking begged you too, George, I *fucking begged* .”

Finally, George looks hurt, and Sarnap decides its a good look on his stupid face. “Well, I tried last night but you ran off. I thought we were doing good, and now you’re yelling at me and I don’t understand why.”

“... I’m not doing this,” Sarnap shakes his head. He’s not going to sit there and deal with George’s bullshit, because no way in hell was he going to take care of him last night. He was going to throw him out like usual, make some backhanded comment at him and break his heart all over again and he knows it.

“Doing what? Letting me care about you?” George scoffs. “I love you idio-”

“Shut the fuck up!” Sarnap snarls. “Shut up! You don’t! You don’t love me, I fucking hate you! Quit lying to me!”

“I’m not-”

“Fuck you, I hate you,” Sarnap points. “I’m leaving.”

His keys have to be in the living room right? There’s no other place for them to be. He storms up to his door, throwing it open.

“Sarnap stop!” George yells, following close behind him. “Stop saying that!”

“What? That I fucking hate you? Because I do!”

George looks crushed, and it gives him a deep sense of satisfaction as he thunders out into the hall.

“I finally get the nerve to tell you I fucking love you and you- Where are you going?”

“Punz’s,” Sarnap answers automatically, because that’s what he’s always done. He’s never lied to Dream or George about where he was going before. He’s never had to.

“You can’t leave, Dream!”

Sarnap groans, holding back labored breaths, trying not to look at Dream who sits up in surprise from the couch at the call of his name.

“Dream, tell him he can’t just leave,” George begs.

Sapnap chokes on a sob as he finally finds his keys. “Yeah Dream, go ahead, take his side again!”

The room goes quiet, and Sapnap can’t bear to turn around. “Go ahead! Tell me I can’t leave. Just like I shouldn’t be upset about how George treats me.”

“Sap?” Dream asks gently, but it’s too late, there’s no stopping the tears that fall down his face, blurring his vision so badly he can’t even pick up his keys now that he’s managed to find them.

“I’m just dramatic. I’m just me. God, you’d probably fucking agree with him if he said I was worthless again right in front of you because you love him more than you’ll ever love me! George can’t do anything wrong,” he takes a heaving breath. “It’s my fault.”

“You said that?” George asks Dream hesitantly.

“I-”

He needs to tell them before he leaves, doesn’t he? Once he can see past his tears he’s going to leave so he might as well say it while he wipes frantically at his face. “I don’t want to be with you anymore. You both make me feel like shit, and I know you think I’m worthless but I-I’m not! I’m your best friend! And I don’t know what I did to make you hate me so much but I can’t keep being your punching bag, you-” the tears are coming too fast and he can’t even speak, only serving to make him feel even more pathetic than before. “I can’t do it and I love you and it’s not fair.”

“Sap,” Dream breathes heavily, sounding much closer than he was before.

Sapnap winces away, not wanting to be touched. “Don’t,” he begs, shaking his head. “Don’t touch me.”

“Okay,” Dream takes a step back.

Sapnap snuffles. “I’d rather watch you be together without me than to be treated like this.” His statement is final, and heavy, leaving no room for them to talk over him. “You’re fucking mean. Both of you.”

He clutches at his keys once more, and looks towards the front door.

“Sap please don’t leave, you can’t drive like this.”

“I can’t even be alone in my own fucking room without you assholes banging on the door and barging in on me,” Sapnap whimpers, bringing his arm up around his stomach in a faux hug, holding himself together. “I don’t want to be around you.”

“We won’t- we won’t bug you. I promise. Just please don’t try to drive while you’re crying,” Dream begs.

Sapnap stares down at his keys. Dream has a point, he can’t see very well beyond all the tears.

“Fine,” He sighs, giving up. “I’ll stay. Isn’t that what you wanted George? You got Dream again,” he snaps, a bit cruelly.

He wipes his face, turning around to see the look of hurt that’s surely on George’s face just for one last bit of satisfaction.

Instead, his stomach drops.

George is fucking crying. Not just a little tear, or a frown, but tears streaking down his face, shoulders shaking as he holds back sounds.

Sapnap honestly doesn't think he's ever seen him cry before, not even when he was depressed and stuck all alone in England. Never once.

“George?”

George winces, not looking at Sapnap. He stares at the floor, looking impossibly small.

Sapnap turns to look at Dream, stomach rolling when he sees tears on his face too. Seeing Dream cry isn't as much of a shock as George, but it's still a punch to the gut.

With trembling fingers, George fishes out that little silver key that started this big dramatic fight, and holds it out to Sapnap silently.

Numbly, Sapnap takes it. Watching as George takes off to his room the second the key is out of his possession.

The door slams shut moments later, leaving just Dream and Sapnap.

“I-” Dream starts.

Sapnap slumps down, hopeless. He doesn't look at Dream. He simply walks to his room, and shuts the door without another word, locking it firmly with the knowledge that they won't chase after him this time. It isn't at all what he wants.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought :D

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Dream finally talks to George and Sapnap.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much [Selvish](#) for beta reading this chapter and helping me with the plot!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream honestly doesn't know what to do. Sapnap is crying in his room and George is crying in *his* room and Dream-

Dream wipes at his face. He knew... he knew George and Sapnap could be mean to each other but never like *this*. It isn't even necessarily Sapnap, it's mostly George, or at least that's what he's understanding now.

Dread settles in the pit of his stomach, thinking about what Sapnap said yesterday. He tried to tell him how he felt and what George was doing and he didn't listen.

... He called him dramatic.

Dream swallows, throat so tight he feels like he can't get a full breath of air. He can't imagine how Sapnap felt- and worse, what they did after. His stomach churns with guilt, wanting nothing more than to go to Sapnap and wrap him up in the biggest hug possible and apologize but he knows that wouldn't be welcome right now, and Dream doesn't blame him.

Instead, he goes to George.

George didn't lock his door, the knob twisting and giving away. It doesn't take him long to locate where he is, curled up in a tiny ball in his bed.

Dream sighs, feeling the need to cry bubbling up inside of him all over again. "George?" His voice is tiny and small, hardly audible.

George doesn't speak. His small frame shakes, heaving with his silent sobs, quaking beneath the blankets.

"George."

Dream enters his room slowly, careful not to go too far. He approaches his bed gently. "You okay?"

"No," George whimpers. "No."

Dream's heart breaks. He's never seen George cry like this, ever.

"Can... can I give you a hug?" Dream asks, unsure what else there is *to* do.

George once again doesn't answer, he just holds his arms out, and Dream lets out a breath of relief, quickly crawling into the bed so he can wrap George up in his arms and let him press his face into his chest. He sobs, pressing his hands flat to Dream's back and pulling him close. His snotty nose is definitely getting all over his shirt, but he doesn't find that he minds all that much.

He holds onto him tightly, letting him cry it out, wishing he could understand what is going on in his head right now. Sure Sapnap may have been harsh but for George to cry like this?

He's confused, and he feels bad for being confused but he doesn't know what to do or how to help, so he doesn't do anything but hold George. He holds him till he quits crying, and slowly his heaving sobs stop coming as fast.

"Can... can you tell me your side-like um- why are you crying?" Dream asks gently.

"Sapnap hates me and I don't know why," George whimpers, clinging to Dream like a lifeline. "Like- I- I hurt him and I know he's mad at me and I deserve it but- but it started before that! I don't know what I did."

Ever the problem solver, Dream asks, "Can you walk me through it?"

His words are muffled by his shirt, but slowly George begins his recount of things. He starts with how Sapnap would hit him out of nowhere, and Dream raises his eyebrow at that but doesn't say anything. George seems to truly believe he didn't do anything to deserve it, but Dream knows better. George can say some hurtful shit sometimes, and he probably provoked Sapnap in some way.

He then goes on to sleeping together while Dream was gone, and the constant fighting, and how Sapnap would spit out he hates him so often.

Then quietly with shame dripping from his voice he admits what he was doing to make this all go downhill so quickly.

"I would. Like I would go hard on him, make him cry, and instead of sticking around after I'd leave. Even if he begged me, I'd leave. He just... he hurts me so much all the time I just wanted to hurt him too and I shouldn't have," his voice cranks higher, choking back tears. "I know I shouldn't have and I hated it. I just wanted to hurt him to. And then I kept doing it and he did it back to me and every time I-I-"

"Breathe," Dream reminds gently, petting his hair.

George takes in a wet, shuddering breath. "I tried to fix it so many times now and I don't know how, I don't even know where to begin and when I do try he leaves *me* or he runs away and it's not my fault! Not all my fault," he adds petulantly.

"... George I know this isn't what you want to hear right now," Dream says as gently as he can. "But don't you think it kind of is your fault? At least for the most part? What you just described, him begging you not to leave him and he told me you called him worthless... George that's fucking *mean*."

The way Sapnap said those same exact words still ring in his ears. He can't unhear it, unsee the distress on Sapnap's face, the frantic energy he exuded trying to get away from them.

He hates being the one to tell him this, especially right now when he's still crying in his arms, but there's no way he can take George's side in this... especially after what Sapnap said earlier.

There's no way he can, because no matter what Sapnap thinks, he loves them both equally. Sure, he tends to give in to George's demands a bit more than Sapnap, but he's pretty sure he may even love Sapnap more than George honestly. At least, he's loved him the longest. And the love he has for Sapnap is different from the one he has for George but they're both equal and real and intense. He thinks about them both night and day, and he has for years now. There's no way this can be how it ends, with Sapnap thinking he doesn't love him.

"I'm going to say something and I need you to not interrupt okay," Dream pets his hair, stroking the rich brown strands back behind his ears. George stays silent, listening. "We need to apologize. I didn't listen when Sapnap tried to tell me how hurt he felt, and you need to apologize for hurting him. I know you don't like to apologize, but this isn't something you can just brush over and forget about okay? Is that what you tried to do yesterday?"

George doesn't respond for a long pause, before finally he gives a minute nod.

"You love him right?"

George nods frantically at that one. "So much."

"Okay, so if you love him, you've gotta apologize."

He says it as least patronizing as possible, but George isn't the most mature about emotional matters, especially apologies, and he can be a little dumb sometimes, he thinks affectionately, though it's bittersweet in the circumstance.

"Okay."

"I'm going to go check on Sapnap now, will you be okay?" Dream asks.

George nods, slumping down miserably.

"Okay. Give him a bit okay? Let him cool down, process, otherwise you'll just fight like usual."

George nods again, tucking his face into a pillow. He's adorable, but there's a certain animosity brewing in him at the sight, knowing Sapnap is alone in his room, just as hurt, if not more.

Dream pulls himself from the bed, making his way to the door. Hopefully George thinks of a way to actually apologize, otherwise they're going to be trapped in a constant cycle of hurt.

He shuts the door on the way out, hoping it tells George to stay put. The last thing he needs when trying to apologize and comfort Sapnap right now is a hurt George storming into the room too.

Making his way down the hall, his throat clogs once more thinking of the things Sapnap said. He doesn't even know where to begin apologizing right now, all he knows is he needs too and fast.

All too soon he's walking up to Sapnap's door, no plan and no words on the tip of his tongue.

At first, he immediately reaches for the door knob, but then he retracts his hand, thinking better of it at how Sapnap had taken the key to his room from George. Did that mean that George had broken into his room with the spare key when Sapnap wanted space this morning?

The guilt feels like it could eat him alive and swallow him whole.

Instead of trying to barge in, he raises his fist, and knocks.

... No response.

He tries again, louder this time.

... He waits. He shifts his weight awkwardly from foot to foot, waiting for Sapnap to respond in some way. For a brief second, fear flashes through him at the thought of Sapnap leaving. He understands the need to get away from them right now, he doesn't blame him for it in the slightest, but picturing him behind the wheel crying the way he was makes his hair stand on end and a bad feeling swirl in his gut.

He really hopes he didn't leave.

Dream raises his fist again and knocks one last time, hopeful.

"Stop, George." A voice calls.

Dream lets out a sigh of relief. He's still here, he's safe. "Not George."

"... What do you want?"

Dream cringes at the sound of his wet voice, sounding run down and exhausted.

"Can I please come in?"

Sapnap doesn't answer for a while. "Why, so you can tell me I'm dramatic again?"

The hurt drips from his voice so raw and painful it sends pangs through Dream's heart.

"I don't need to hear it, okay? Just leave me alone."

The last part tacked on loses all the heat his other words had, sounding closer to a beg than a demand.

"Okay," Dream sighs. He doesn't want to push. "I just wanted to say I'm sorry. And if you feel like talking about it later, please tell me. I want to apologize better than through a wall."

He doesn't get a response for a long time, and it's hard waiting for Sapnap, but just as he's about to give up, the door swings open.

The room is dark inside, and Sapnap- who's always seemed small to Dream, stares up at him, shoulders slumped and sad. He looks Dream up and down, deep bags under his eyes and nose and cheeks red.

Dream waits, trying to make himself seem smaller, less threatening. He wants Sapnap to let him in, ready to beg for it if that's what it comes to.

"Hi," Dream whispers.

Sapnap's bottom lip wobbles heartbreakingly, drawing his arms up around himself. "Do you mean it?"

"Mean what?" Dream asks, resisting the urge to grab hold of Sapnap and squeeze him into a hug.

"That you aren't going to say it's my fault again," Sapnap whimpers. "It's not my fault, it wasn't

me-”

“I know!” Dream frantically reaches out, unsure if he is allowed to touch him or not, all he cares about is making him stop crying. “I know, Sap, I’m so sorry.”

Sapnap lets out a little sob, squeezing his eyes shut.

Dream can’t hold back anymore. He reaches out, pulling Sapnap in for a hug.

At first Sapnap tries to pull away, and that breaks his heart even more to think that Sapnap won’t accept comfort from him anymore, but then he melts, falling into a boneless heap in his arms with a choked noise.

“I’m sorry,” Dream whispers, wrapping his arms around his waist, holding him tight. He doesn’t really know if he’s apologizing for his own actions anymore, or for George’s, or some sort of combination, but the words are heavy and heartfelt and he hopes Sapnap knows it.

Tears bubble to his eyes, threatening to spill over at the way Sapnap cries against him. “I’m sorry I yelled,” he sniffles. “I’m sorry.”

“No, no don’t apologize, please don’t apologize, Sap, I need to be the one to apologize. If you wouldn’t have yelled at me I probably wouldn’t have ever realized how bad it was. I’m so sorry. I should have listened, you tried to tell me and I just brushed you off like it was nothing.”

“What if it was-” Sapnap starts.

“No, it wasn’t,” Dream interrupts adamantly.

“You said I’m dramatic though what if- what if this is just *me being me*.”

Dream knows what he said. He remembers it clear as day. Hearing it spit back at him though with context now makes it feel like the guilt of it all is going to swallow him whole.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it.”

“I know I can be dramatic,” Sapnap presses his face into Dream’s chest. Faintly he can hear him inhale before a snuffle follows, and Dream smiles a bit against the tears knowing Sapnap just smelt him. It’s cute how he seeks comfort from him sometimes, something that started long before their relationship. “I know I antagonize George and I do things I shouldn’t and I mess with him-”

“He took it too far,” Dream assures. He knows that now. He didn’t before and the way he handled things made the situation that much worse. “And I didn’t listen to you. That wasn’t fair of me.”

“You love him more,” Sapnap whispers with such confidence, as if there is not a doubt in his mind that the statement is true. “It’s not your fault.”

“I don’t love him more,” Dream rocks Sapnap back and forth. He’s supporting both of their weights at this point, Sapnap fully leaning against him as if he can’t stand on his own anymore. “I… can we sit down? You’re a little heavy,” he teases lightly, trying to earn a smile.

It works. Sapnap huffs, wet and blubbering, but it’s a small laugh all the same, a major victory at the moment.

“Yeah. Come on,” Sapnap sighs, slowly pulling himself from Dream’s arms. He turns around, walking the rest of the way into his room, expecting Dream to follow. He does dutifully, shutting

the door behind him. There isn't even a light on in the room, and with the blackout curtains Sapnap uses, there's hardly any light in the room. Dream's stomach curls at the thought of him crying all alone in the dark like this.

Sapnap immediately takes a seat on his bed, shoulders still slumped and looking devastated. Dream starts to sit on the bed too, but hesitates. He doesn't want to invade his space, Sapnap already felt so trapped earlier he was going to go stay with Punz. And didn't George break into his room earlier? He shouldn't sit in his bed uninvited.

Dream looks to the desk and gaming chair in the far right corner. It's so far away, it feels awkward and weird to sit there, but the only other option is the bed or the floor and he doesn't know which he should choose. Definitely not the bed though, especially if Sapnap needs space.

Slowly, Dream drops to his knees, sitting criss-cross applesauce on the floor.

Sapnap wipes his face, and Dream waits patiently, watching him collect himself. He's beautiful even when he's crying, handsome and warm and the red on his face makes Dream want to kiss his cheeks and the pout on his lips-

Dream shakes the thoughts from his head quickly. Now isn't the time for that.

Sapnap rubs his nose on his sleeve, which is more than a little gross but Dream isn't about to comment on it. Finally he looks at Dream, making it clear he's ready to talk once again now that he has some composure back, but immediately his eyebrows furrow.

"What are you doing?"

"Hmm?" Dream hums, looking around. He really isn't doing anything, just waiting. His cheeks flush at the thought of him getting caught staring at Sapnap, but then he clarifies.

"What are you on the floor?" Sapnap frowns deeply, like he's too upset to deal with such trivial things as to why Dream is sitting on the floor, but he has no choice.

Embarrassment warms his face. Was this the wrong option? It must be, but the chair seems so far away it would be weird having an important conversation halfway across the room from each other.

"Why didn't you sit next to me?" Sapnap scoots over just a little bit, offering the spot next to him to Dream.

"Oh," Dream looks at it. "I just didn't want to ya know. Crowd you. Make you feel like I was invading your space."

"You aren't," Sapnap assures softly. "Thank you though."

"George shouldn't have come in your room like that either," Dream says as he slowly crawls up to the bed, pulling himself up to sit next to him. "That was wrong of him."

"I don't know why he did it," Sapnap sighs. "He hates me, I don't understand why he would break into my room to try and check on me. Make it worse? I don't know. I don't get it."

"He doesn't hate you," Dream breathes, surprised Sapnap would even think such a thing. Though, the longer he thinks about it, the more he realizes of course he would think George hates him if the way he's been treating him lately is any indication. "He loves you so much."

Sapnap looks up at him at that; a sad, self deprecating smile on his face. “You don’t have to lie to me.”

“I’m serious,” Dream insists. “He’s in his room right now crying because he thinks *you* hate *him*.”

“... Why would he think that?” Sapnap asks, disbelief evident in his tone.

“Because he doesn’t understand why you guys fight most of the time. And it hurts his feelings and he lashes out because... he’s George.”

Sapnap slumps down at that. “George being George. Me being me.”

“No! No Sap, come on,” Dream begs. He doesn’t know what to do or how to fix this and everything he says seems to make it worse and he doesn’t know if he’s allowed to touch him or not but he wants too and he doesn’t know what to say-

It’s all such a mess.

“I’m so sorry I said that,” Dream whimpers. “I didn’t mean it. I didn’t... I didn’t listen,” he repeats once more. He’s saying it over and over again but really, what else is there for him to say?

“It’s okay,” Sapnap replies meekly.

“It’s not. And it’s not because I love him more than you at all,” Dream reaches out without thinking, taking Sapnap’s wrists in his hands that rest in his lap. “You mean the world to me, you both do. And okay,” Dream takes a deep breath, trying to think of how to phrase things to sound the best. “I love you both differently. But different doesn’t mean it’s not equal? I mean, Sap you’ve my absolute best friend in the entire world. I’ve loved you for so long, you were my first love even, like my stupid little crush when I was thirteen sort of thing. I favor George sometimes, and I don’t know that I could tell you why, but I still love you more than anyone in this entire world.”

Sapnap looks up at him through his wet lashes at that, curious and thoughtful.

“Except for George. Because you and him are equal to me. I love you both.”

Sapnap looks pensive, staring down at where Dream is holding him.

Dream waits patiently.

“I forgive you,” Sapnap answers finally.

The words are quiet, soft spoken, but they’re an instant relief like balm on overheated skin, cold water on a hot day. Dream lets out a breath he didn’t know he was holding, squeezing his wrists just once.

“Will...” Sapnap looks around, lost. “Nevermind.”

“No hey, what’s up?” Dream asks, desperate to do anything he can for him.

“I was going to ask if you would stay with me for a little bit, but I don’t want you to feel like you have to,” Sapnap hurries to say, slowly pulling himself from Dream’s grasp and putting distance between them both. “I’m okay, you’ve stayed long enough.”

Dream frowns. “But you’re still upset, I can see it on your face, Pandas.”

Sapnap curls in on himself. “You don’t have to stay though, I can handle it. Besides, I’m sure

George needs you right now too.”

“Nope,” Dream shakes his head, recalling George detailing how he would leave Sapnap like a form of punishment when he needed comfort time and time again. He isn’t going to do that to him, he can’t. “I want to stay with you.”

“Oh,” Sapnap says, surprised.

“Wanna lay in bed and watch a movie or something? Talk some more?” Dream asks hopefully.

Sapnap looks so damned relieved it’s as if he could cry all over again as he nods. “I would like that a lot.”

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought! :D

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Sapnap finally talks to George.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much [Selvish](#) for beta reading this for me ily :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap left.

He felt bad about it, but the second Dream went back to his own room, Sapnap packed a bag and headed to Punz's place, sending Dream a quick text about where he is only after he got there. It's easier that way.

Getting out of the house is a breath of fresh air anyways, even if Punz doesn't have a couch to sleep on. They end up sharing a bed for a few days, and as much as Sapnap complains, he kind of sort of really enjoyed it. Punz is easy going, and he didn't prod him for answers about why he's hiding out at his house and sleeping in his bed. Instead, he left Sapnap alone for the most part, unless Sapnap looked too sad, in which case he would drag him out to go do something together, not that Sapnap minded that either. It helped a lot.

Eventually though he runs out of clothes, and he can tell Punz is getting a little frustrated with him being in his space constantly, and it isn't like he can avoid Dream and George forever, so he goes home.

On the drive over, he gets increasingly more anxious about who is about to greet him. He hopes he can slip in and go straight to his room without any confrontation, but the likelihood of that is slim.

... Especially because he maybe didn't answer any of his texts. Or calls. From Dream or George.

Sapnap sighs as he pulls into the driveway. Dream is going to chew his ass.

As slow as he can, he parks in the garage, gathers his things, and makes his way inside, looking around every corner. It feels more like he's breaking in than he is coming home, but he doesn't know what else to do.

He makes it to the hallway when Dream's door opens.

Sapnap suppresses a groan, feeling the walls that had slowly lowered around Punz build back up at the sight of Dream's hurt puppy dog eyes as he peers out from his room.

"Hi," Sapnap sighs. The sight tugs at his heart strings, but he's still hurt and that isn't going to change with a look.

“You’re back,” Dream states, slowly coming out of his room. His frame that usually looms over Sapnap is hunkered in, shoulders dropped low. If he had a tail it would probably be tucked between his legs right now.

“Yeah.”

Dream looks around. “Do you feel better? Getting away for a bit?”

Sapnap nods. “It helped a lot.”

“Good,” Dream gives him a little, relieved smile. It puts a certain sense of guilt in his stomach at the sight, knowing Dream was nothing but worried about him.

“Have you talked to George? Since you left?”

Sapnap stiffens at the mention of the man. “No, I haven’t.”

Another stab of guilt courses through him. Last he checked, he had thirty seven missed texts from George, and a hand-full of calls too.

“I didn’t um... I didn’t tell him where you were. In case you didn’t want him to know,” Dream explains.

“Thanks,” Sapnap gives him a reassuring smile. “I appreciate that.”

Dream perks up a little at that, before slumping back down. “I um... I haven’t actually seen George all week either. He hasn’t left his room much so you don’t have to keep sneaking around. I doubt he’ll come out.”

Sapnap frowns at that. “Is he sick?”

“No,” Dream shakes his head. “Just... really upset I think. I don’t know though, I can hear him cry sometimes but that’s about it.”

“Oh.”

He wants to ask why George would be crying right now but the words stick in his throat.

Dream rings his hands out nervously. “Can I ask if we’re okay? You and me? Because I thought we were okay but then you left. I just want to know and I feel bad asking but you mean the world to me Sap I love you and I don’t want to lose you but-”

“Dream,” Sapnap can’t help but smile at his frantic babbling. He stops with a sheepish look on his face, cheeks red.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Sapnap assures. “I don’t know if we’re okay though. I don’t know that I can be with you and George right now.”

Dream’s face falls instantly and Sapnap has a distinct sense of guilt as if he just drop-kicked a puppy.

“I’m sorry,” Sapnap smiles sadly at him.

“It’s okay,” Dream replies with a sad, sweet tilt of his head as he regards Sapnap. “I just want you

to be happy.”

“It’s not... It’s not forever though, you know? I just need some time to think,” Sapnap tries to explain past the overwhelming gnawing guilt in his stomach. He feels so bad right now but he knows this is what he needs right now.

“I understand,” Dream takes a subtle step back, creating distance between them that Sapnap doesn’t know if he appreciates or not. “I’ll leave you alone, okay?”

Sapnap nods sadly. He’s sure that’s for the best. He needs a chance to settle back in and maybe shower and get his head on straight.

Dream gives him a small smile of reassurance, but it doesn’t reach his eyes. Sapnap has a very distinct feeling that Dream is holding back tears right now, and the thought breaks his heart to even imagine Dream going back alone to his room to cry. That isn’t fair, none of this is right.

Dream quickly retreats to his room, tail tucked and shoulders hunkered in, disappearing quietly in submission.

Sapnap watches, and sighs deeply before following his lead and going to his room too.

His room is peaceful, quiet and empty. The solitude is greatly appreciated right now. He sets his bag down on his bed, unpacking the hastily thrown together go bag full of now dirty laundry. He tosses it all into his hamper without much care. The task is easy and simple and he doesn’t have to think too hard about the fact that Dream is sad right now because of him. Or about George.

Dream’s words tug at the corners of his mind though. George cried? Because of him?

That doesn’t make much sense to him either, and the whole mess of the situation is beginning to make his head hurt.

Once his bag is empty, there’s nothing left to do. He tosses it onto the floor, on the off chance that he might need it again soon to make another grand escape. He sits on his bed, drawing his phone out of his pocket.

His notifications are completely blown up, fifty messages between his phone calls, voicemails and messages. He’s been ignoring it all for a week knowing the majority of them came from Dream and George, but there’s not much use ignoring it anymore.

He opens his phone calls first, clearing them, and clearing his voice mails too without listening to them. He doesn’t really want to hear what they wanted to say to him while he was gone. Next, he opens his texts. There’s one from Punz telling him he left a pair of socks at his house, and one from Karl that’s just a tiktok that he doesn’t bother looking at. He hasn’t told Karl what’s been going on, but he surely knows something is up. Sapnap appreciates his efforts to cheer him up but he doesn’t really want to cheer up right now. He wants to be sad and mopey, thank you very much.

Next, he opens Dream’s messages to clear the notifications. He scrolls through them curiously. The majority of them are just him asking if he’s okay, a picture of Patches, a few asking when he’s coming home and then a final apology for texting him so much and nothing after that.

Dream’s concern for him only makes him more upset, and he kind of wants to crawl into his bed and hide for a bit, so why not make things worse and open George’s too? That way he can get all his moping out now and not later.

George sent a lot more than Dream did, and Sapnap scrolls to the top so he can start with the day

he left.

Gerge: can i come talk to you?

Gerge: im outside the door, can i come in?

Gerge: where are you?

A day goes by.

Gerge: Please tell me when you get home, i wanna talk

Gerge: are you home?

Gerge: will you at least tell me where you're staying?

Gerge: can I call you? Please?

Sapnap doesn't need to look at his phone calls to know that George tried over and over.

Gerge: I'm so sorry. I'm sorry. I feel so fucking stupid sitting outside your door when you aren't even home texting you this, I wanted to tell you face to face but you're gone and Dream won't tell me when you're coming back and I know you're avoiding me so I'm just going to text it to you ok?

The next message is a paragraph long, Sapnap's breath catching in his throat as he begins to read it.

Gerge: I never understood why you started fighting with me. I thought we were just playing like we always do and then it got out of control and you kept saying you hated me and it hurt a lot because I've loved you for a long long time now. And I know that isn't fair of me. I've realized now I messed up really badly with you. I'm sorry for ever leaving you. I'm sorry for how I treated you. I'm sorry for the things I called you and said to you. You deserved better and i should have gave it to you. I really wish I could say this to your face right now instead of your door. I don't think before i speak. And I know it's a problem. I want to be better but i don't expect you to give me a second chance either. If i had to choose though between not loving you the way i want to and losing you completely though, i'd settle for being your friend. If you still want me to be your friend after this.

Sapnap stares at the text. He reads it once, and then reads it again. And again. The words aren't the most eloquent, half sentences and typos like George was blurting out whatever thought came to mind first, but Sapnap can't fault it for him considering how hard apologizing is for him. He tried,

and he tried really hard from the looks of it. He scrolls a bit more, past the occasional messages asking if he's home yet.

Gerge: please answer me. Please. Please

Gerge: sap please

Sapnap's breath catches at that. He scrolls through more before finally coming to the end, the last message coming yesterday, early in the morning.

Gerge: i don't want you to have to stay away forever because i'm here. Just let me know before you come home and I'll pack a bag. You won't have to see me, promise

Sapnap stares at the texts. He reads them once, and then again, and again. As he reads them one final time, a wet slide down his nose startles him, reaching up to wipe off the tears he didn't know had escaped him. He hates this. He hates that George hurt him so bad and he hates that he feels bad for him feeling bad and he hates that George couldn't have said sorry sooner. He hates that George texted it all to him and he hates that he deleted the voicemails George left him because what if there was more there than in the texts? What if he missed his chance to hear George actually apologize?

He hates that George is right down the hall and he hates that he's too chicken to go knock on his door. He hates everything right now and very decidedly, he's not going to deal with it right now.

Sapnap shuts his phone, leaving George on read. He hopes it doesn't hurt his feelings too much.

Robotically, he changes into comfier clothes, sliding into his desk chair and turns on Valorant.

Hours pass, and he's toxic as fuck, but it's therapeutic to bitch at strangers and play a violent video game. It doesn't fix the situation but it clears his head and helps him get himself under control so he counts it as a win. He even calls Karl for a little bit, even though he's banned from the game right now. He chats with him while he plays and Karl does other things, it's fun and easy and relaxing and probably the first time in a long time that he doesn't spend the whole day thinking about Dream and George and George and Dream and what they are and what they're doing and the things they've said to each other and the things they've done. It isn't until late that night that he stops playing games and gets off the phone with Karl, content to scroll Twitter for a bit before calling it an early night. He can deal with Dream and George in the morning.

That is, until a Discord message pops up on his computer.

George: are you still in your room? I'm hungry but I don't want to bump into you

Sapnap frowns. He doesn't want to fucking talk to him right now, but he can't ignore him either, not when he's waiting on an answer from him to know if he can leave his room or not.

Sapnap: i'm in my room, go

George: thanks

Sapnap waits. He watches his Discord, waiting for George to say something more, but it never comes. Instead, he hears George's door open, and the soft pad of feet down the hallway to the kitchen.

Sapnap waits again. He waits for the knock at his door, or for George to straight up walk in.

It never comes.

In the kitchen, the pantry opens and shuts, drawers too as George fixes himself something to eat. Sapnap listens intently, and when George starts back down the hall, he waits once again for George to come in with a sandwich in hand or... something.

Nothing happens. He goes straight back to his room and shuts his door and ignores Sapnap completely.

And that for some reason, pisses him off.

Why the hell would George choose to start ignoring him now? He hasn't left him alone all this time, why is he doing it?

Before he's even thinking about it, Sapnap is pressing call on the button next to George's name on Discord.

The all too familiar ring of a Discord call sounds throughout the room. It takes him back to the late night calls him and George used to share when he was still in England, thousands of miles away with a time difference in between. Their cozy vc calls have completely stopped recently since he moved in, and even before that they were scarce when George was busy with visa stuff and packing.

A pang in his chest sends a wave of longing to his gut. He never thought he would miss George being in England. He always thought once he was here things would be perfect and they would never need to look back on a time where they were separated. Now that things have gone to shit though, those times seem a little brighter now, even if they were all a little miserable being apart. At least back then it was a different type of hurt. Neither is a situation he ever wants to be in again though.

The phone rings, and eventually it shows him being in the call alone, though George can join any time he wants.

Sapnap frowns, curling in on himself with hurt. He wants to snap for the prick to answer, bang his fist on the desk, walk in there and punch him again maybe. Honestly he doesn't know what would make him feel better other than talking to him. It's all he wants.

A ding cuts through the air like a knife as George joins the call.

Sapnap's breath catches. He can't speak.

George doesn't say anything either.

It's tense between them, neither one willing to be the first to break the silence. Sapnap's stomach is clenched hard and he honestly can't remember the reason he started the call to begin with. He can hear George take a bite of his food, chewing quietly.

"What are you eating?" Sapnap asks.

"A sandwich," he answers simply. Despite calling him and asking him a question and engaging him in conversation, Sapnap still isn't fully prepared to hear his voice. His brain brings up the texts he read earlier, and he tries to recall them when paired with George's voice, but it's hard to imagine those words coming out of him.

"I went and stayed with Punz," Sapnap offers.

"Oh," George answers.

He takes another bite, chewing softly.

It's so fucking awkward with neither one of them wanting to address the elephant in the room.

"It helped."

Something in George softens at that. His tone goes so soft and gentle when he says "good, I'm glad," relief evident in his voice.

"I- I read your messages too. Once I got home." He offers.

George stops moving. "You did?"

"Yeah, I'm sorry I didn't answer. Or read them sooner."

"Don't be," George answers instantly, sounding embarrassed. "I get it."

Sapnap tilts his head, staring at George's icon. "You do?"

"Yeah," George replies. "Like- like I said in the text. I don't expect anything from you. I understand."

"... what do you understand?" Sapnap asks gently, picking up that they aren't on the same page with this conversation.

"That I messed up. And I should leave you alone," George whispers. There's a distinct shuffle in the background as George pushes his half eaten sandwich away. "I won't bother you. I- I don't know what to do since we both live here though. I don't know how to avoid you. And I don't want to go back but I don't want you to be uncomfortable either."

Go back?

"Go where?"

"Home."

"But you are home." Sapnap answers, confused.

As soon as the words leave him though, it dawns on him what George is saying.

“Oh.” Sapnap states. “ *Home* .”

The call is silent, the weight of the words resting on the both of them.

George was so depressed in England. There were days he wouldn't get dressed, weeks he couldn't bring himself to shower. He was lonely, and secluded, and all Sapnap can think about is him going back to a life like that *for him*.

“Do you- are you considering it?” Sapnap asks, throat tightens with grief at the mere thought of George leaving. He just got here, how did things get this bad?

“Yes,” George whimpers. “ I hurt you.”

“But you apologized,” Sapnap answers softly.

“It's not enough. I don't know how it can be enough.”

The room falls silent once again. It's so painfully awkward and once again he wishes he could go back in time when he knew how to talk to George. He's never going to get those calls back, and it tints the memory of them with a bittersweet glow.

“...Would it be bad if I said I still loved you?” Sapnap asks quietly, unsure if he should even ask him something like this.

“I don't know,” George answers honestly. “Maybe... Probably.”

There's a beat of silence, pensive and heavy with thoughts from both of them.

“I don't know what to do,” Sapnap sighs eventually, heart heavy in his chest, feeling like a bowling ball ready to fall through to his gut. “I don't know if I can trust you. And I don't know if I'm forgiving you too easily or not. I want to forgive you, you're my best friend but... I don't know.”

Sapnap purses his lips against a wobble that comes with the swell of emotion threatening to swallow him alive, biting back the tears. He hates how often he's been crying lately. “I don't know.” He repeats, lost.

“Please don't cry,” George begs. “Please. I'm sorry. Don't cry Sap, I'll do anything just don't cry.”

“You'll do anything?” Sapnap repeats.

“Yes.”

He sounds so resigned. Like he just knows Sapnap is going to tell him to buy a plane ticket and it makes him want to scream.

“Then come here,” Sapnap breathes.

“... what?”

“Come here. Come to my room,” Sapnap demands, swallowing down his nerves. He doesn't know why he's asking this of them, he doesn't know what he has planned once George is in here, or even if he can handle it, but the words are flying out of his mouth and it's hard to regret it when he hears George's door open once again.

He holds his breath, waiting. George comes to a stop right outside his door and Sapnap freezes, wondering if he'll push his way in like he so often does.

A gentle knock surprises him.

Sapnap stands up quickly, rushing to open it, only to pause with his hand on the doorknob. He doesn't know why he's hesitating like this. "George?"

"Hmm?" He asks from behind the door.

Sapnap swallows. "I'm scared."

"... Me too." George answers, voice tentative like he's ready to run at any second. "Terrified."

Neither move to open the door.

"Do- what- I mean," Sapnap stammers. "How do you feel about me exactly?"

He's said he loves George. But does he love him too? He said it once, before he left, but it was at a time that Sapnap didn't want to hear it, too hurt still to comprehend what George was trying to tell him. Now, he wants to hear him say it again. He doesn't know what he will gain from it exactly but... he feels like he needs an answer.

George is quiet for a long time before he answers. "I love you. I'm in love with you. I have been for- I don't even know how long anymore. It's selfish how much I love you."

Sapnap rips the door open.

George looks just as surprised at the action as Sapnap is, eyes wide. The eyebags on his face are twice as dark as they normally are, like he hasn't slept in days, clothes rumpled and cheeks red as if he had been crying not that long ago. He looks how Sapnap feels: run down and exhausted. Yet he still sits up a little at the sight of Sapnap, hope etched into every line of his face.

Sapnap doesn't say anything, he can't, not really. He just holds out his arms.

George doesn't move immediately. He watches him as if it's a trap, before slowly moving in to hug him back.

Sapnap rests his head against George's shoulder, sighing in relief as he wraps his arms around his shoulders, holding him close. He lets out a dry sob, squeezing him tight. He thinks he can feel George tremble a little in his arms, holding him so carefully it's as if he thinks Sapnap is going to break at any second. It's so foreign, so different from the usual touches that they share, but he loves it. He never wants to let go.

Things might not be okay, but they're better than they were, and that's enough for him for now.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought :D

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Sapnap isn't sure he can trust Dream and George still, but after spending some time together, their relationship finally moves on.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much my beloved wife [Selvish](#) for beta reading this. This is technically the end!! The only thing left is the epilogue :D thank you so much for reading along with this story, I've enjoyed writing this so much and seeing what everyone has to say about the chapters as it went!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It takes days for Sapnap to even begin to address Dream and George. He knows they're waiting for him, carefully maneuvering themselves over the thin ice around him, placating words to keep themselves from falling through into the water below. Time inside the house seems frozen, everyone unwilling or unable to talk to one another about their crumbling relationship.

Dream keeps his distance from Sapnap when he fixes breakfast for them all, though his fingertips skim over George's shoulder when he passes by. George doesn't say much to him when he brushes past him in the hallway, but he can hear him and Dream talking quietly late at night.

What's worse though is Sapnap isn't jealous of their actions. He's not upset when neither of them will get close to him but spend time together. The thought alone makes his chest ache. It almost feels like after all of this, after everything he's been through with them, he might be falling out of love. It terrifies him.

He just wants to go back in time and make it so nothing ever happened. He wishes he never hit George and maybe he also kind of wishes they never slept together either even if it means they never got together. Or even better, he wants to march into George's room and kiss him stupid and pretend like nothing bad has happened between them. It would be so easy, and he could pretend right? That he was never hurt or upset and he's never hurt George either or Dream.

It's all just so confusing. And frustrating. And he doesn't know what to do.

Sapnap sighs heavily. There's only so much anime he can watch to numb reality before his brain feels like it's mush and his limbs are heavy with restless energy, trapped between too much stimulation and not enough. The sounds of the show are too much, and he needs to get up and move.

Sapnap turns off the tv and stretches languidly, cracking his joints that have been in one position for far too long. He supposes he could walk around the house for a bit till he finds something better to do, maybe grab a drink while he's in the kitchen or something.

He pries himself out of the bed and out of his room. Usually, the house is fairly quiet, but he can hear the tv playing in the living room, and as he draws closer, the sound of voices follow.

“This movie is so dumb,” George giggles.

“You’re dumb, shut up,” Dream counters.

“No, let me change it,” George demands.

They sound so... happy.

Sapnap frowns. They sound so incredibly happy.

He peaks around the corner, catching sight of the two. Dream is curled up on George’s shoulder, fluffy curls hitting his chin with his arms wrapped around him tight. When he laughs, Sapnap’s sure Dream can feel his stomach tremble, how his chest shakes with the force of his laughter. They look so cozy curled up together, and some small little part of his heart that hasn’t already shattered, cracks.

George would never let him lay on him like that. He’d probably flick his nose or something if he even tried like he was reprimanding a dog or something. It isn’t fair. He wants love too. He wants to be held close like that and to laugh together. It isn’t fair.

A sick feeling curls in his stomach, a nasty monster brought to life that rears its ugly green head and snakes into his heart.

Fuck. Maybe he *is* jealous.

“You’re not gonna change it, stop!” Dream laughs as George makes a swipe for the remote, reaching thin fingers out for the small remote clutches tight in Dream’s bigger hand.

“You suck, give it to me,” George laughs, though he makes no real attempt to actually take it from him.

Sapnap takes a step out from the hallway.

Dream notices him first, eyes going wide at his sudden appearance.

“Sap,” He sits up quickly as if he’s been caught doing something wrong, pulling away from George instantly.

George’s big, goofy grin drops with Dream’s disappearance, eyes turning to Sapnap.

Suddenly he wishes he had just gone back to his room. He feels awful for interrupting their moment like this, he didn’t want them to stop, he just...

He just wanted to be included.

Sapnap shrinks in on himself. He feels like he should apologize for existing right now, which is insane. He pushes his hat down lower instinctually, hiding behind the black brim like a mask.

“Sorry,” he bites back the whine in his voice as much as he can.

“No you’re okay,” Dream assures quickly, but Sapnap doesn’t believe him. How could he? Dream went from smiling and laughing to looking like he’s nervous and about to cry or something.

George looks down at his lap, like he's ashamed of himself, and Sapnap is beginning to feel worse and worse.

"Want to come sit?" Dream asks hopefully, gesturing to the seat next to George.

Sapnap stares at the spot longingly. He wants nothing more than to go curl up with them, but he's scared. He's scared George doesn't want him to, he's scared George is going to push him away, he's scared George won't give him the same love that he shows Dream and it's going to hurt his feelings all over again. He's scared he'll lash out at George again too. He's scared he'll say something cruel or George will say something cruel and it will lead to a thoughtless punch and he's scared they'll end up right back where they were when this started.

"Sap?"

There's too much familiarity for butterflies and too much contempt for love and suddenly that old saying he heard in the past that familiarity breeds contempt is starting to make sense to him. He hit George because they've been best friends for so long. George treated him this way because it's the way they've always done it. They've always been a touch too mean to each other only to immediately seek comfort in one another over the phone, and this was an extension of that.

His aunt used to say that love is a choice. And you may not get to choose exactly who you fall in love with, otherwise he probably wouldn't have picked George, but continuing to love someone is a choice.

He has a choice to make.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks, gently, that familiar tone of walking on eggshells in his voice.

"Yeah," Sapnap replies timidly, taking a step towards them. He goes hesitantly, slowly, giving George plenty of room to object to him joining them. He never does.

Sapnap takes a seat next to him on the couch, careful to put as much distance between them as the small section of seating will allow. There's a whole other couch, and a chair he could sit in if he wanted distance, but it's too late now and really, even the small bit of space between them right now feels like an entire ocean once again.

George keeps himself to his cushion, looking stiff and uncomfortable. Before, he wouldn't have hesitated to put his head in Dream's lap and his feet in Sapnap's or to stretch out and take up the entire couch. Now he looks just as scared as Sapnap feels.

There's an awkwardness in the air now as the show plays on, and Sapnap doesn't know what to do. He should say something, but the words won't come out of his mouth, and the distance is too far and...

"This movie sucks," Sapnap blurts out.

He doesn't really know why he says it, it's just the first thing that comes to mind. He's always ganged up on Dream with George though, and it's easy to fall back on old ways.

"It does, huh," George comments.

Sapnap snorts, and when he glances at George out of the corner of his eye, he catches the way he smiles to himself, chin tucked down with a goofy grin.

"Why do you two bully me?" Dream sighs with a little fake pout on his lips. He can't keep the

happiness from his voice though, and suddenly the room seems brighter than it has in a long, long time.

Dream hands the remote over with a deep, dramatic sigh, and George quickly changes it to a show he likes better, making a loud sigh to show how pleased he is with this change of events. Sapnap smiles softly, relaxing in his seat a little more. George does too, shoulders relaxing as the tension drains slowly but surely from his body.

To be fair, the show is much more tolerable than the one Dream picked out, even drawing a few chuckles here and there from them as the characters meander around on the screen.

It's far nicer than he even remembers doing nothing more than spending time with them both. He missed this, the casual laughter and the soft nudges every now and then, the teasing words poking fun at each other. He missed them so much it makes his heart ache all the way down into his stomach.

Sapnap's hand drifts down beside his thigh, knuckles brushing George's fingertips from where his hand rests on the couch. George jerks back, glancing at Sapnap with nervous energy once more.

He has a choice.

He's got to make a choice.

He takes George's hand.

George tries to pull his hand away at first, face filled with trepidation, but Sapnap doesn't let go, clinging to the fingers that have hit him far too many times, wondering if George is thinking the same thing about his own. He catches his eyes in a silent pleading for him to not brush him off, and after a moment, George relaxes, staring worriedly at Sapnap.

"What are you doing?" he whispers as if Dream wouldn't be able to hear him.

"Holding your hand," Sapnap replies simply.

"Why?"

"Because," Sapnap runs his thumb over the back of his knuckles, remembering the feeling of them striking his face. "I love you."

It's as if lightning struck in that very minute. The sounds of the TV are far off in the distance, slurred words that make no sense, nothing more than mindless chatter as George stares at him as if he had grown a second head. Dream does the same, and he swears they've both stopped breathing in that very instant, and Sapnap thinks he probably did too, because the next breath he takes is a shudder that wracks his chest. He waits, on edge.

"You do?" George asks in disbelief.

"Of course I do," Sapnap sighs as if it should be obvious, even though they all know it isn't.

George stares even longer, that weird, distinctly George stare as if he's trying to see into his soul in that very moment, and for once, Sapnap doesn't complain. He just stares back, and waits for his response.

Suddenly George dive bombs. His head hits Sapnap's shoulder so hard he lets out an 'oof' at the impact, and for a split second, Sapnap swears he saw his bottom lip tremble. Ignoring the dull pain

in his shoulder, Sapnap smiles, watching George nuzzle into his neck, trying to get as close to him as physically possible.

Sapnap looks up, finding Dream looking at them fondly, heartbreak in his eyes.

What is that look for?

Sapnap frowns. This is a good thing right? Him and George are making up, Dream should be happy right now, but instead, it looks like he's about to cry too and Sapnap can't even ask what's happening, because he has an arm full of George, hugging onto him tightly.

"I'm sorry," George whimpers. "I'm sorry."

The words 'it's okay' come to mind, ready and on the tip of his tongue, but it would be a lie wouldn't it? It's not okay, but it's getting there, and that's what matters, so in response instead of a lie, Sapnap pets George's hair, curling his fingers behind his ear as he tucks away stray strands of rich brown hair.

When he looks back to Dream, he's watching the tv, jaw squared, leaving no room for Sapnap to question him.

Taking a deep breath, Sapnap goes back to the show too, holding George tight.

Hours pass, and George is velcroed onto him as tight as he can be. Even when he begins snoring, curled up against his chest, he still clings, fingers clenched tight to his in their now sweaty palms. Sapnap watches him closely, snoring away into his collarbone, nose rumpled into his shirt.

"I'm glad things are okay," Dream whispers quietly.

"Me too," Sapnap sighs.

The room goes quiet once again, and Dream swallows. "Sap?"

"Hmm?"

"... Are we okay too?"

All too suddenly, the strange look on Dream's face from earlier makes sense.

Sapnap cringes. Fuck. He fucked up again, this time with Dream. Is he ever going to get anything right with them?

The last time he spoke to Dream about their relationship, he had told him he didn't know if they could be together, and Dream just heard him tell George that he loves him.

"Dream," Sapnap sighs, guilt threatening to strangle him.

Dream looks down, looking incredibly small for his size. "I'm sorry. I'm not trying to force you. I just wanna know. I don't- I don't have to be involved with you and George, I don't- I don't want to hurt you again."

Sapnap's heart clenches violently in his chest.

"I can be happy if you're happy," Dream finishes with a meek smile that doesn't reach his eyes.

"No," Sapnap whimpers, wishing he could reach Dream from his seat. He's too far away though, and it makes his fingers twitch. "That's not- that's not what I want at all, Dream, I want us all three

to be together. I love you too. I'm sorry you ever thought I didn't."

Dream perks up a little at that, and Sapnap smiles at how silly of a puppy he managed to get. "You love me?"

"I do," Sapnap confirms. "You're my best friend, Dreamie boy, how could I not?"

"I just thought... I mean, you said-"

"I know," Sapnap interrupts. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner. I just needed time to think, and I've thought about it and I want to be with both of you still."

Dream relaxes, curling up on the couch with a gorgeous smile. "Good."

"Good," Sapnap grins.

There's a quiet pause as they both mull over what's been said, and the new developments in their relationship.

A particularly loud snore draws their attention to George once more, chuckling quietly at the noise.

"I... I heard that voicemail he left you," Dream whispers. "And when I saw him in the hallway I just. I know he fucked up but that was hard to listen to so... I don't know, it makes me really happy to see you both together right now. I don't think he's been sleeping very much either, he's probably ridiculously tired."

Sapnap blinks. The voicemail?

He wracks his brain for what Dream is referencing, finally thinking back to the missed calls and messages Dream and George had both left him while he was gone. "I deleted the voicemail. I never heard it."

Dream's eyes widen before suddenly his jaw snaps shut, squared tight. "Oh. Sorry, never mind."

"No what- what did it say?" Sapnap asks, almost afraid to know.

"I'll tell you later, okay?" Dream promises, looking down at George in between them.

"Just tell me now?" Sapnap begs. "Don't draw this shit out and make me wait." *It'll make things worse.*

Dream purses his lips, looking nervous once again. Sapnap will be glad when they can get past this mess, past the nervousness and the hurt and the fucking angst that lingers in this house that was supposed to be nothing but happy memories now that they're finally all together. It seems like it's been nothing but doom and gloom since Dream left for that trip so long ago now.

"He... he had a bit of a breakdown?" Dream tilts his head. "Like. Sap, it was so bad. He was looking everywhere for you and you weren't home and he called you outside your door and- I wasn't like- okay, I wasn't eavesdropping. I just overheard him, he was crying so loudly like, there's no way I could have not heard him ya know? He just apologized over and over to you for everything. Or like, I think it was everything, I can't imagine what he could have possibly not apologized for, he went on and on until the message cut him off even. And like. He just sort of sat in the hallway and cried for a long time. I felt so bad for him."

The words wash over him slowly, sinking into the folds of his brain.

"I left my room a few hours later thinking he was gone," Dream looks down at George again. "But he was still out there asleep.

Against your door."

Sapnap looks down at George, clinging onto him still, oblivious to the way they're talking about him right now.

"Oh."

Oh.

Sapnap curses himself internally for so carelessly deleting that voicemail. He didn't know. He thought it would have been George being an ass still or some kind of shitty apology to lure him back home. He didn't think... he didn't think George would ever really apologize for everything like that.

"You didn't listen to it?" Dream asks. "Any of it?"

Sapnap shakes his head, stomach rolling with guilt. "No. I was so mad, I just deleted it."

"Oh." Dream looks pensively at George.

"Maybe that's a good thing?"

"Why?"

"I don't know," Dream shrugs. "Same reason I didn't bring it up sooner. I didn't want to guilt you into loving us again."

Sapnap's heart breaks at that. It isn't the same, earth-shattering feeling as before. It's more melancholic this time, bitter and heavy in his chest, so heavy it makes it hard to breathe.

"I'm sorry," Dream whispers, hurt bleeding into his voice. "I didn't mean to make you sad."

"You didn't," Sapnap assures quickly, reaching an open hand out to Dream.

Dream doesn't hesitate. He presses his face into Sapnap's open palm, nuzzling into his wrist.

"Love you. I love you."

"I love you too," Sapnap whispers, throat tight.

Another hour passes, and there's no denying how badly he needs to stretch and piss. He feels bad waking George up, but he's insanely cute as he gives a little kitten stretch at being jostled around, Sapnap wiggling out from beneath him. He digs his fingers in tighter to Sapnap's shirt, and he can't help but smile, cupping his hand to free himself.

"Stop," George yawns sleepily.

"I gotta piss, dude," Sapnap rolls his eyes, shaking himself free.

"You're so mean to me," George groans dramatically, rolling into Dream who can't get away fast enough to escape his inhumanly strong grip.

"I'm not mean to you, you're just dumb," Sapnap giggles, quoting his favorite Tiktok audio that has always reminded him of George.

George groans dramatically.

"George, come on, let's get up," Dream coos gently.

"No."

"We can go lay in bed together. Maybe Sapnap would like to come lay with us?" Dream asks, looking up at him.

"Yeah," Sapnap nods. "I'd like that."

"Ugh. Fine. Carry me," George holds his arms out for him.

"No," Dream denies, though he's laughing the whole time, fighting George's grabby hands.

Sapnap rolls his eyes fondly, leaving them to sort themselves out while he goes to the bathroom.

Once the door is shut behind him, Sapnap makes quick work of peeing and washing his hands, listening to Dream and George tumble into Dream's room since he has the biggest bed out of the three. He's excited to go all lay in bed together, but his brain brings up the last time he was in there, how he had run out as quickly as he possibly could.

He wonders what they would do now if they had sex again. It's too soon and everyone knows it, but... something in him wants to know. How long would it take for George to kick him out again? He can't imagine any other ending to that scenario other than being kicked out, but... something in him is okay with that, as fucked up as it is, because now, he knows George loves him back at least.

Sapnap stares at himself in the mirror. Would it be wrong to want that? Probably. Would it mess things up? Probably.

But as he leaves the bathroom, his stubborn, stubborn brain is more and more set on this course of action. It's like a little itch in the corners of his brain at the back of his head, whispering provoking words. *Don't you wanna know what will happen?*

Dream's room is alive with laughter as he steps inside, the lamp on the bedside table casting the room in a warm glow. It's welcoming, and the other two are easy to find, Dream beating George with a pillow while George cackles like an idiot, cringing away from every hit that just makes him laugh harder.

"Sapnap, grab a pillow," Dream instructs, smacking George once again.

"Stop!" George shrieks. "Don't!"

Sapnap giggles, chest warm and bubbly as he clambers into the bed and grabs hold of a pillow. He doesn't hesitate, bringing it down onto George's stomach.

"Stop!" he cries. "I didn't even do anything!"

"You did!" Dream yells right back. "You made me carry you like a freaking baby!"

George is laughing so hard he's barely making any noise. It's infectious, and Sapnap is never going to get tired of the sound, hanging onto every choked laugh that leaves the two.

He hits George again only for him to grab hold of the pillow, yanking it out of his hands and swinging it right back, knocking Sapnap back.

“Hey!” he cries, trying to grab the pillow back to no avail. Armed with a pillow, George attacks Dream, swinging the pillow recklessly as he tries to pummel him into the bed with it. Dream is stronger, wrapping his arms around his waist and tossing him to the bed.

George lands with a huff, and Sapnap tackles him instantly, pinning him down no matter how hard he struggles while Dream hits him a few more times with the pillow.

“Okay! Okay, STOP,” George growls playfully in warning.

“So dumb,” Sapnap shakes his head, leaning down to press a kiss to his lips.

“You’re dumb,” George mumbles, kissing him back eagerly. It’s so affectionate, dripping with tender feelings with such a chaste action. It’s so very different from any that they’ve shared in the past and Sapnap can’t get enough, kissing him again and again until his giggles melt away into quiet happiness that thrums throughout the air.

As Sapnap sits up, he catches sight of Dream sitting awkwardly off to the side, perking up once again when he meets Sapnap’s gaze.

“Come here,” Sapnap urges softly.

Dream moves quickly leaning forward for a kiss once he’s close enough.

Sapnap smiles against his lips, pressing soft, gentle kisses against his until Dream smiles too. In an effort to get closer to him, Sapnap straddles George’s waist so he can kiss Dream better, running his fingers up the back of his neck to grab fistfuls of wild curls. He kisses Dream with the intent to show him just how loved he is, and he hopes Dream can feel it. He *deserves* to feel it.

George shifts beneath him, hands coming up to grab around Sapnap’s waist. It feels good, solid and grounding to be held. His touch isn’t demanding, and he isn’t forceful about it either like he’s trying to hold him down. It’s nothing more than a way for George to be touching him.

Sapnap squeezes his thighs around him, deepening the kiss with Dream, moving his lips against his as he licks into his mouth. He plants a hand against George’s stomach, firm and wanting.

“Mmm,” Dream moans softly, pulling away.

“Sap-”

“What?” Sapnap asks, already pulling Dream in for another kiss before he can get the words out Sapnap knows is coming. He rocks his hips against George’s subtly, rubbing the back of Dream’s neck, playing with his hair, and feeling him shiver under his hand. He twirls his golden chain around his fingers, dropping the warm metal as he draws his hand away.

“Mm- Sap wait,” Dream pulls away, worry written all over his face.

“What?” Sapnap rolls his hips again against George.

“We probably shouldn’t do anything like this right now right? I mean, things are just starting to get better.”

Dream has always been a voice of reason between the three of them. He’s always the one to reign

Sapnap and George back in when things go too far, always the one to fix things and lead the way.

“I want this though. Do you?” Sapnap asks, glancing between Dream and George.

He just *thought* Dream looked hesitant though. George looks downright scared.

“If you don’t, I’ll stop,” Sapnap assures, suddenly insecure. He thought they’d want him too, but maybe he was wrong?

Maybe... maybe he misread something or-

“I’m scared I’ll hurt you again,” George mutters, looking away with shame knitted across his facial features.

“Me too. Of course we want you, Pandas, it’s just... what if it’s too soon? And you get hurt again?” Dream asks.

Just don’t hurt me.

The answer is so simple to him, plain as day, but... he supposes it probably isn’t so clear for them. Maybe it’s harder for them to see it.

“We can take it slow? And if anyone starts... I don’t know dude, if anyone starts to actually hate it, we can stop?” Sapnap offers genuinely. He can’t stand the thought of either one of them not wanting to do something like this with him but doing it anyway, or feeling forced.

“I just...” Sapnap bites his lip, conflicted on if he should tell them or not. Deciding to bite the bullet, he swallows down his fear and tell them how he really feels. “We’re talking about being together and things being okay, but. I don’t know I guess I still don’t feel like I can trust you two when it comes to sex? And I’m sure it doesn’t feel like you can trust me either so. Maybe it would be good for us, even if it’s a little too soon. But like... I don’t want you to feel like you have to either. So if either of you don’t want to do anything, that’s cool too.”

The words are jumbled, and far from eloquent, but they get his message across fairly well, he thinks.

Dream and George are both quiet for a bit, and Sapnap sits patiently, waiting for them to decide on what they want to do.

“I want to if you do,” Dream replies, looking away. “I haven’t really gotten much time with you two like that. I’ve always felt kind of left out, ya know?”

Dream gives them a sad little smile, the kind he always gives when he’s trying to hide how badly something is affecting him as if it’s no big deal.

Sapnap thinks his heart breaks a little. It took him until now to see things from Dream’s perspective, so caught up in his own hurt feelings that he didn’t take the time to consider his. Of course Dream probably felt left out, everything has been so centered on him and George fussing and hurting each other, Dream got dragged into their mess and immediately forgotten like a side character in his own relationship. The more Sapnap thinks about it, they’ve only actually had sex once without any crying, and even then, he still used it to hurt George.

“I’m sorry Dreamie,” Sapnap sighs.

“It’s okay,” Dream replies sweetly, and Sapnap knows it really is. Dream would never hold it

against them, he isn't like that.

"I'd... I'd really like to too," George replies. "I want to show you I can be better."

"But do you want me too?"

"Duh," George scoffs.

Sapnap grins at the familiar teasing tone. It's refreshing to hear after so long, for a while he thought they'd never be able to go back to bickering the way they did before.

Sapnap plants both of his hands on George's stomach, rucking his shirt up his side to expose his soft belly.

"Do you love me?" Sapnap asks, rubbing his hand up and down George's stomach. He doesn't think he's had the chance to truly admire him yet. He wants to take his time now, starting with his chest as he pushes his shirt up more and more, George's eyes never straying from his face. He's so fucking skinny he looks like a twig, but his chest is warm and sturdy under his hand, pale skin with freckles and moles that dot his shoulders and down to his stomach, covered with sparse hair that runs below his navel.

"Yes," George whispers. "I love you so much."

"Can I take your shirt off?" He asks.

George nods, leaning up to help Sapnap work it off over his head.

When he sits back down, Sapnap glances to Dream who's sitting patiently on his knees, watching with baited breath for a chance to join.

"Come here, Dreamie," Sapnap calls softly, urging him closer.

Dream doesn't hesitate, quickly wiggling his way closer, pushing himself up against Sapnap's back and wrapping his arms around his stomach.

"You and your size kink aren't subtle," Sapnap giggles as Dream buries his face into his neck, curls tickling his chin as he presses kisses along his skin.

"You're so tiny," Dream whispers, squeezing his arms around Sapnap just to emphasize how well Sapnap fits in his arms, Dream's broad shoulders and long torso so much bigger than his.

Gentle fingers work along the edges of his shirt, pulling it up and over his head.

"You gotta take yours off too," George nudges Dream with his foot.

Dream grins. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," George nods. "Take it off, puppy."

Sapnap freezes at the name.

Puppy is cute. He likes puppy, he likes the few times George has referred to him as it, and he knows Dream probably loves it, he can feel how he melts for the simple word but... how long until George starts using words like mutt for him instead?

Dream strips out of his shirt, eagerly pressing his bare chest against Sapnap's back.

“Remember when you called me a mutt?” Sapnap asks, squaring his jaw. “Over and over. And told me-”

Sapnap cuts himself off with one look at George’s guilt-ridden face.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” George replies. “I said awful shit. You can let it out.”

Sapnap frowns. The idea is tempting. It would be all too easy to lay into George for every little thing he’s done to him, every word he’s said, every action he did to upset him while he’s laying beneath him with the most open, vulnerable expression Sapnap has ever seen on someone.

Once again he has a choice to make.

Sapnap shakes his head, leaning down to steal a kiss from George. “No.”

George relaxes into the kiss like a ball of putty, letting himself be moved as Sapnap sits up, working his pants off of him and underwear too.

Dream kisses along his shoulder, pressed up against Sapnap once more as he slips his hands into the waistband of Sapnap’s shorts. He goes slow, giving Sapnap plenty of time to stop him as he works them off of him with his underwear too before wiggling out of his own.

Sapnap lowers himself over George once more, resting his head on his chest this time as he offers his ass to Dream with a sway of his hips.

“Hi,” George breathes, running his fingers through Sapnap’s wild curls.

“Hi,” Sapnap kisses his chest.

Warm hands slide over his hips, Sapnap holding onto George as Dream glides his hands over his cheeks, parting them and exposing his hole to the cool air. “You’re gorgeous,” Dream hums.

Sapnap can’t help but giggle. “Mans said my asshole is gorgeous.”

“Shut,” Dream brings his hand down to his ass, smacking it playfully. “Up. I was trying to compliment you, dumbass.”

Sapnap wiggles his hips. “Again, *daddy*.”

“I hate you,” Dream groans, pushing his hips away.

Sapnap and George dissolve into giggles, Sapnap’s head bouncing with every one of George’s laughs.

Dream is smiling so hard it’s palpable as he stands up, moving over the nightstand to grab lube. He holds it up, shaking it a little to get their attention. “Do we need this?”

“Yeah,” Sapnap wiggles his hips again, face warming at the lewd position.

Dream quickly goes back behind Sapnap, hands on his waist again with admiration in his touch as he pets over him once more.

Sapnap glances up, making eye contact with George who’s watching him with a look that can only be labeled as fondness in his eyes.

“I want,” Sapnap stops, ears going warm. “I want you both to fuck me. Together?”

“Why did you say it like that?” George teases, fingertips ghosting up and down Sapnap’s back.

“I don’t know, shut up,” Sapnap blushes, pressing his face into George’s skin once more.

“Together like at the same time?” Dream questions, sounding excited at the mere idea.

“Yeah, if you want.” Sapnap purses his lips.

“Yeah,” Dream nods enthusiastically.

“Think you can?” George asks.

For a second Sapnap thinks he might be teasing him, but then he looks at his face, still so genuine and open.

“Yeah.”

“Okay,” George nods. “Just. Want you to be comfortable. Or whatever.”

Sapnap grins. “Thank you, Georgie.”

He leans up for a kiss and George indulges him endlessly, pressing kiss after kiss to his lips.

Dream’s hands are back at his ass again, fingers wet and prodding as one slips into his hole. Sapnap can take more but he doesn’t say anything, letting Dream go at his own pace and explore his body while he kisses George til he’s gasping for air, letting out soft little noises. Desperate and wanting fingers make their way into his hair, grabbing at his face and his neck, anywhere George can reach to get him closer the longer they make out. One finger becomes two, Dream kissing his spine as he curls them inside to find his sweet spot.

Sapnap lets out a whimper when the pads of his fingers meet it, panting openly against George’s mouth. George licks over his parted lips, slipping his tongue inside his mouth and sliding it behind his teeth and over his tongue. Somehow, Sapnap forgot how overwhelming it can be with the both of them, or maybe it’s intensified by the tender emotions swelling in the room, devotion and infatuation dripping from every touch that graces their body so filled with love and yearning it feels as if he’s being worshipped and worshipping in kind.

Once Dream finds it, he can’t leave it alone. He rubs his fingers over his prostate, going from overstimulating him to doing nothing but pushing against it with the pump of his fingers. Sapnap’s dick that was mostly soft before he started fingering him soon starts to lazily drip precum onto George’s stomach beneath him, throbbing with need every time Dream goes a little too hard on his prostate.

“Dream please,” Sapnap moans into George’s mouth, gripping onto his soft brown hair tightly. “If you keep doing that I’m gonna come.”

“Maybe you should,” Dream hums nonchalantly, rubbing his fingers against it once more. “You gotta be pretty relaxed for us to both fit right? Go ahead, Pandas.”

Sapnap shivers violently, more precum falling from his dick. He feels so good, even more so when George starts kissing his slack mouth once again, a gross exchange of spit that makes him twitch at the lewd feeling of it all.

Dream slips a third finger inside of him, the subtle burn of the stretch making his blood run hotter. Sapnap rocks his hips impatiently, mouth filling with drool at the thought of having them both inside him soon. Dream isn't little, and neither is George by any means. They're both definitely bigger than him, and bigger than the three fingers he has inside of him right now. Sapnap shifts again with anticipation, pushing himself back onto Dream's fingers.

"Quit wiggling," Dream chuckles, pumping his fingers in and out of him painstakingly slowly.

"Just- I want more," Sapnap whines dramatically. "I want more, Dream, please? Please give me more?"

He'd say just about anything right now to get something better than just fingers inside of him. He doesn't exactly know how double penetration prep works exactly but he knows there's got to be more eventually right? "Hurry up."

"No," Dream presses his hand flat to Sapnap's lower back, pushing him down against George to hold him in place. "I want you to feel good. Don't you feel good?"

"Yes!" Sapnap groans as he tries to push back against Dream's hand to no avail. It's so fucking hot and he thinks he's going to die if he doesn't get more *now*.

Dream doesn't let him make anymore demands though, and neither does George who grabs his face and forces him to look up at him. "Stop whining."

Sapnap pouts. George rolls his eyes with such fondness it makes his heart skip a beat.

"George?" Sapnap asks, groaning as Dream slips a fourth finger inside of him.

"Hmm?"

"I love you," he pants.

George gives him that silly, signature George Smile. The one he always does when he's stupid happy that stretches his lips tight over his teeth and the sides raise like a square bracket on a keyboard. It's so dumb and it makes Sapnap want to cry with how much he loves him, especially when he's being soft and sweet like this.

"I love you," George breathes quietly, big brown eyes looking over Sapnap's face. It makes it worth putting up with Dream's torture a while longer to stare at George like this.

Finally, mercifully, Dream pulls his fingers out of him what seems like an eternity later. "Alright, think you can sit on George's dick for me, baby?" Dream asks sweetly. "And I can keep working you open some more around him?"

Sapnap nods frantically, eagerly moving to sit up. George does too to make things easier for them, propping his back against the headboard and the pillows. Sapnap scoots closer till their chests are practically pressed together, letting Dream do the rest as he coats George's dick in lube before lining it up with Sapnap's loose hole.

Sapnap sinks down quickly, desperation making the stretch null in his mind. It's hardly a stretch at all though with how well Dream's prepped him. He bottoms out with ease, leaning his head back against Dream's shoulder in relief at finally being filled. Dream kisses his cheek, rubbing over his soft belly and gripping his neglected cock for a brief second, before pulling away once more. Sapnap is about to complain, missing the feeling of him close immediately, but soon Dream's fingers are prodding around his rim, gently slipping in beside George's cock.

The feeling steals his breath away.

“You okay?” George asks, holding onto Sapnap’s hips.

“Yes,” he nods frantically. “Feels good, feels so good, Dream please-”

“Sap, chill,” Dream soothes with a hand down his back as he begins pumping his finger in and out, somehow even more carefully than before. “I’ve got you.”

I’ve got you.

For some reason those words feel like a punch to his gut.

He’s got him. Dream’s got him. He can trust him.

Sapnap is a puddle. He’s a mess and he’s wound up so much and he can’t tell if he wants to come already or if he wants this to last forever and ever.

Dream gently works another finger in, George’s grip tightening on his hips the longer he has to stay still. Sapnap takes pity on him and gives him kisses again to distract him, mouthing along his chin and to his neck before back to his mouth, reveling in the feeling of stubble beneath his mouth that’s replaced with his soft lips soon enough.

“You okay?” Dream asks, mouth against his neck.

“Yes,” Sapnap groans as George takes hold of his cock, stroking it up and down languidly.

“One more and I’ll fuck you too okay?”

“Kay,” Sapnap nods.

Dream is gentle, pushing in a third and final finger alongside George’s dick. It burns and Sapnap whimpers, pushing his face into George’s neck.

“You okay puppy?” George asks, petting the underside of his arm.

They’re being so kind to him, constantly checking in and going so slow.

“I’m okay,” he assures. “I like it.”

“Good,” Dream thrusts his fingers in and out, slow and sweet. He goes until Dream decides it’s been enough, though Sapnap would have said he was ready far earlier than he does.

Dream pulls his fingers out, and the cap of the lube sounds throughout the room one last time as he lubes up his dick.

“Alright, you ready, Pandas?” Dream asks, nudging the head of his cock against his rim.

Sapnap nods frantically, relaxing the best he can.

Dream pushes against his rim, his head slipping inside. The stretch is immediate and much more than his fingers could have prepared him for. Sapnap whimpers into George’s shoulder, dropping his forehead against him. “Ow.”

“Sorry, want me to pull out-”

“No!” Sapnap whines petulantly. “Don’t you dare. Don’t stop.”

“Okay, okay Pandas,” Dream pushes in more. “Just a lil more.”

George takes his cock in hand once more, massaging his shaft to distract him as Dream presses the rest of the way in.

“Good job, puppy,” George coos, breathless at the feeling. Sapnap doesn’t blame him. He thinks he’s just seconds away from seeing stars, he could come just from this.

“So good for us huh? Taking us so well,” Dream praises, the words scorching across his skin.

Sapnap quivers, taking a deep breath. “Move. Please move.”

“Okay, we’re gonna go slow though okay?” George asks, positioning his hands underneath Sapnap’s muscular thighs. He presses a kiss to the side of his face, breath hitting his cheek as George guides him up.

Dream moves first, and then George, out of sync with each other at first. He’s so full he feels like he’s going to explode, and the way their dicks press and slide against each other in and out of him makes him feel as if he’s going to lose his mind completely. He can’t contain the breathy noises that leave him with every thrust, constantly being filled by either one of them.

It takes a while, but eventually they fall into a steady rhythm; when Dream pulls out, George pushes in and vice versa. The pressure against his rim is amazing, teetering on the edges between pleasure and pain as they pump into him slow and easy as if there’s no rush, no heady desperation that fogs his brain and makes it hard to think. He just wants release, he wants it more than anything.

“Please,” he chokes. “Please I wanna-”

“Not yet,” Dream squeezes his cock tight around the base, stealing another punched-out breath from him. “Just relax, Sap, you’re doing good.”

Sapnap falls like a limp ragdoll as the foggy mindset settles in even more. He loves their praise more than anything, he’d do anything to hear it fall from their mouths again and again. Maybe someday in the future- far, far into the future- he will be able to stomach the degradation once again. He did enjoy it at the time, but for now all he wants to hear is how good he’s doing and how loved he is. He craves it.

“George,” Sapnap whimpers as his cock brushes against his prostate.

George grins, grinding his hips up, chasing that same reaction. Sapnap bites down on his lip, trying to control his erratic breathing at the sensation.

“Hey,” George quickly presses his thumb against his lip, pulling it out from between his teeth. “Nuh-uh.”

Sapnap ignores him, about to bite down on it again to silence the moans that are ripped from him just from feeling their heads bump and press against each other inside of him, only for George to stick his finger in his mouth, hooking it down behind his teeth to pry open his jaw.

Drool seeps out around his finger, dripping down his hand as Sapnap looks up at him through hooded eyes.

“Don’t. I wanna hear you. You sound so pretty,” George huffs with a gorgeous smile.

“O-ay,” Sapnap tries to agree around his finger.

George holds his mouth open a while longer teasingly, so clearly enjoying watching him drool on himself, unable to hold back.

Finally when he takes his hand out of his mouth, Sapnap lets his jaw relax, not daring to bite on his lip anymore.

Dream’s hand begins to stroke his weeping cock that’s spilt so much precum at this point he’s drenched with it.

“Dream Dre- ple-Drea-” Sapnap pants and keens, throwing his head back against Dream’s shoulder in an effort to touch him more.

“God I love you,” Dream whispers into his neck, rubbing his fingers along his shaft and up the crown of his head. “I love you both so much. You mean the world to me and then some.”

Sapnap’s chest shudders and heaves wildly, completely broken down by their actions and words. Everything is so perfect, exactly what he’s always wanted and it feels like his self control is hanging on by a single thread that demands for this to be drawn out for as long as they can handle it.

A roll of Dream’s hips right into his sweet spot though is making it hard to do that. His cock jumps in his hands as Sapnap claws desperately at George and at Dream, any and everywhere he can reach.

Someone-George- takes his hand, locking their fingers together to stop his blunt nails from digging into his skin anymore.

“Sap,” George groans, speeding up his thrusts till he’s damn near jackrabbiting into him.

Tears bead at the corners of his eyes, rolling down his face, clinging onto George’s hand while Dream jerks him off rapidly. They’re everywhere, overwhelming and all-consuming until he’s smothered in their presence and their hands. His thighs burn from trying to ride them the best he can, and the tight feeling in his gut draws tighter and tighter with every frantic touch.

His back arches as his jaw drops and the room goes white around him, the coiled tension snapping in an instant. His nerves on fire as they fuck him through his orgasm, stroking his dick until fierce overstimulation burns through him and he lets out a weak sob, dropping his head onto George one final time.

Dream rubs his back, cooing gentle praise as he chases his own orgasm, canting his hips up erratically until he does a final snap and drives into him as deep as he can, hot cum filling his insides and coating their cocks.

George shakes, squeezing his hand so tight it hurts before his eyes roll back, following Dream’s suit.

Dream wraps his arms around Sapnap’s stomach, laying his head against his shoulders as they ride out the aftershocks that start in their core and work their way out. Dream’s chest rises and falls rapidly as he tries to get ahold of himself, hugging Sapnap as if his life depends on it.

George slowly untenses, though he holds on tight to Sapnap’s hand still as he begins to catch his

breath too.

They're all three silent as they recoup, never once letting go of each other.

The world comes back in small increments. First, it's the soft warm glow of the lamp on the bedside table. Next, it's the fan spinning above them, the cool air feeling like heaven against his overheated skin. Then, it's George's hand, still clutched in his with their fingers woven together. And finally it's Dream, pressed up against him with an exhausted smile against his shoulder, not minding the sweat that's gathered on his skin from their activities.

Sapnap doesn't really want to move, but his hips ache and there's a burn in his thighs from the position he's held for so long.

He lets out a little sound of discomfort, and Dream immediately perks up. "What's wrong?"

"Hurts," Sapnap whines, sounding pathetic even to his own ears.

"Oh, sorry!" Dream quickly helps ease him up as gently as he can, letting their soft cocks fall from his hole. Cum seeps out after, spilling from his puffy rim that makes him shiver.

"... Can I?" Dream asks hopefully.

"What?" Sapnap asks, ignoring them both for a second as he drops George's hand and flops over onto the bed, face first into the pillow he had been smacking George with earlier.

"Can I eat you out?"

Goosebumps erupt on the back of his neck, face warm. "... Yeah."

Dream's excitement is palpable. He's quick to lay himself down behind Sapnap, grabbing handfuls of his ass to expose his hole to the cool air once more.

He clenches around nothing, so loose he's probably gaping, even though he can't see for himself. Before he can get too embarrassed though, Dream noses along his balls and up to his hole. He doesn't hesitate to lap at his rim, licking up the mixture of his and George's cum.

Sapnap stifles a sound into the pillow, body lax and pliant as he lets Dream do what he wants. He licks and noses into him, using a finger to hold his hole open to lick as far into him as he can. A warm stir begins in his stomach and Sapnap whimpers, only for George to bury a hand in his hair, stroking his curls gently.

"You okay?"

"Yeah," Sapnap can't help but rut against the mattress, rubbing his spent dick against the sheets, normally so soft feeling now rough against his sensitive skin.

"Do you... do you wanna go again?" George asks, massaging his scalp and twirling his curls around his finger.

Sapnap shakes his head. He's not actually sure he could take it, but Dream's skilled tongue could almost convince him otherwise.

Thankfully, Dream gives him a break. With one last little kiss to his rim, he sits up, and Sapnap lets out a deep sigh of relief.

Dream sits on his knees behind him as Sapnap lets his eyes fall shut, rubbing at his calves

comfortingly.

“That was the best sex I’ve ever had,” Sapnap groans into his pillow. “Holy fuck dude, you guys ruined me.”

George scoffs. Dream chuckles. Sapnap’s heart is so full it could burst.

“Can I get you anything? George? Do you guys want water or snacks or something?” Dream asks.

“I’m okay,” Sapnap shakes his head.

“I’m good. Thank you, Dream,” George hums.

“Okay,” Dream nods. “Um. What else.”

“Do you need anything?” George asks. “I can get *you* water or a snack.”

“No I’m okay,” Dream giggles.

Sapnap grins. They’re so stupid.

“Hmm... Do you want a shower?” Dream offers next, skimming his finger nails up and down the sides of his legs.

“No.” Sapnap whines. He knows for sure he can’t stand up for long enough to shower right now.

“I’m good,” George shakes his head.

Sapnap freezes.

“Okay,” Dream hums. “I think I have some wipes, want me to go get those?”

Sapnap barely hears him. Fuck.

Suddenly his relaxed fucked out limbs are tense, and he’s acutely aware of George sitting next to him, oblivious to his internal conflict.

“Sap?” George giggles, nudging him.

Sapnap nearly flinches. “Yea-yeah, um. Yes please.”

“Okay,” Dream gets up happily, always eager to please as he hurries off to the bathroom.

Sapnap doesn’t move. He can’t.

This is the part where he gets kicked out right? Or George leaves him?

His heart clenches dangerously tight in his chest so hard he’s sure it’s going to break. He doesn’t want him to leave, and he definitely doesn’t want to be pushed away. He wants to curl up in George’s arms and hold him tight and whisper about how much they love each other for the rest of the night until one of them falls asleep. George always leaves though, no matter how Sapnap begs him not to.

There’s panic brewing under his skin, unsure what he should do now. Should he go before George feels the need to kick him out? Or before George leaves himself? Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck he doesn’t want to, he doesn’t want to at all.

“Here,” Dream says as he comes back from the bathroom, holding a package of wet wipes.

Sapnap cringes, but sits up. His whole body is tired, and his hips and ass are already beginning to ache in that all too familiar way that he’s begun to associate with feeling awful. His once joyful mood is dropping quickly, no matter how gentle Dream is as he runs the wet wipe over his skin, cleaning him off as best he can without making Sapnap get out of the bed and into the bath.

George never stops touching him in some way, his hair, his shoulder, his chest and his stomach, but Sapnap feels like he shouldn’t be touching him at all. George never wants to afterwards. He uses him and then he leaves, it’s what he does, and Sapnap knows things are supposed to be different now but he’s too scared to let his guard down because *he knows* it’s coming and he doesn’t want to be unprepared for it.

Dream finished, tossing the used wipes into the trash can beside the bed, and tosses the package onto the floor, laying down next to George on the other side.

He wants to lay down too. He wants to curl up next to George and hold him and hear them both say they love him one more time so he knows it’s true.

Sapnap’s chest trembles. He needs to get up. He can’t stay in here with them.

Cruel words ring in his ears, all the desperate tears he had shed while begging George not to leave him alone in the past making his skin itch.

This was good though right? They didn’t hurt him and he didn’t hurt them and George is smiling and Dream is already half asleep curled up next to him. The itch in the back of his brain demanding to know what would happen if they had sex has been satiated. This was good. And even if he doesn’t want to leave right now, he should because he doesn’t want to ruin what little good they’ve had.

Sapnap thumbs the soft sheets under his hand.

His room feels desolate, cold and empty and devoid of life. The short hallway between all of their rooms suddenly feels like it’s miles long as if once he steps out into the hall, he’ll be taken far away from them, when really it’s only a few steps. He doesn’t want to leave Dream’s warm bed and go in there alone but with bittersweet determination, Sapnap pulls himself from George’s hand, going slowly to not upset the ache in his lower half any more than he already is.

“Where are you going?” George asks with a sleepy yawn. “I thought you didn’t want a shower.”

Sapnap smiles sadly. He doesn’t know why he feels so bad. He’ll see them in the morning won’t he? It’ll just be a few hours. He can handle being alone for a few hours. He’ll... he’ll try to sleep! Sleep would be good, and if he’s asleep, he won’t feel so fucking *sad*.

“Back to my room for the night.”

If a pin dropped in the room right now it would sound like an explosion.

Dream’s sleepy expression is immediately wiped away, replaced by cold fear as he looks between Sapnap and George. “Huh?”

Sapnap sinks in on himself. He still feels bad for Dream always getting caught between them.

“... why?” George asks, though by his tone, he already knows the answer.

“I don’t- I don’t want to make you upset,” he whimpers. “We had a good night and I don’t want to ruin it.”

“... But how would you ruin it?”

By overstaying his welcome. By taking more than what George is willing to offer just like he’s done time and time again. He’s still waiting for the other shoe to drop like it’s always done in the past. He’s biding his time until George says something mean or tells him to leave, or George himself leaves. He knows it’s coming, it always does, and he can’t for the life of him get past the fear of being hurt right now, not after everything has gone so well.

Being left alone after sex always felt like George was punishing him. He doesn’t want to be punished right now after all the praise he had just received, so it’s better to go on his own.

“I better go. I love you,” Sapnap offers softly to George and then a warm look to Dream, wanting to kiss them both one last time but not daring to get close.

“Don’t leave,” George begs desperately, reaching out to grab hold of Sapnap’s arm. “Sapnap you can’t leave.”

Dream reaches out for him, fingertips falling just short of his wrist. Sapnap stares down at the almost touch before looking back up at their worried faces. They’re so similar sometimes without even realizing it, and the thought puts a fond arrow straight through his heart. They mimic each other’s facial expressions, the wrinkles eyebrows and the slant of their mouths. He doesn’t know how they do it.

“I should though. It’s okay! It’ll be okay,” he repeats more to himself than to them.

“No you don’t- you don’t get it, I don’t want you to leave, you don’t have to,” George insists. “If you’ll quit being an idiot for two seconds you’d realize I’m trying to love you, okay, so never leave again, got it?”

The demand makes them all stop.

Sapnap suppresses a smile, watching George’s face go from pink to bright red. “Shut up.”

“Say it again?” Sapnap asks politely.

“No. Fuck off. You’re not allowed to leave so just lay down and shut up.”

Sapnap suppresses a smile at the harsh words. George is absolute dog shit at hiding how he really feels.

“Please?” Sapnap begs softly.

George hides his face in Dream’s shoulder, embarrassment coloring his ears as he mumbles against his skin. “I don’t want you to leave me. I love you.”

George is so fucking cute when he’s embarrassed, trying to hide away. Sapnap can’t help but tease him a little.

“What? I didn’t hear you,” Sapnap prompts, cupping his ear. “One more time?”

“No-“

“Enough,” Dream interrupts with a giggle.

Sapnap's chest is so warm and light it feels as if he could float away. He lays back down, curling up against George's back, kissing a dark freckle on his shoulder. "Sorry. I love you. I love both of you."

Dream wiggles closer in the bed until they're all three crammed as close as they can get, his arm stretched across George to rest on Sapnap. "We love you too."

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought!! :D

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Sapnap becomes frustrated with George and picks a fight once again.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so so so much [Selvish](#) for beta reading this chapter and all the others and helping me out so much with this fic it means the world to me!! That's my beloved wife!!

I can't believe this fic is over, thank you so much for reading and I hope you've enjoyed it :D I really appreciate everyone who stuck with it through the angst and continued to read it as it updated and all the comments I've gotten. I know I haven't responded to any in a few chapters but I promise I've read them all and they have made me so happy every time!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap really wishes George didn't get under his skin so easily.

He doesn't know what it is about him. Maybe it's his voice or his face or the way he smiles and talks or maybe it's the way he always knows exactly what to say to piss him off like no other.

Sapnap knew today was going to be bad the second he woke up to George making a racket in the kitchen, oblivious to him and Dream trying to sleep still.

He tries to ignore it, he really does.

He gets up despite the sleep still tugging at the corners of his brain and he kisses George's cheek despite the rude awakening and he lets George borrow his favorite hoodie because why not, he's been his boyfriend for two months now, he doesn't mind sharing clothes with him or Dream. In fact, Dream lets them both have free reign over his closet, the man hasn't worn his own hoodies in weeks because of it, not that he complains. It's his favorite hoodie though so he warns George as he passes it to him to please please *please* be careful with it.

He should have known things would be bad when George practically snatches the hoodie from his hands, sticking his tongue out at him playfully as he shrugs out of his t-shirt and slides on the hoodie in its place, dropping his shirt to Sapnap's floor before going off to "edit" which really means he's going to do everything but.

Sapnap stares at the shirt, irked, but not to the point he's going to say anything about it. Instead, he picks it up and tosses it in the hamper, but that small annoyance seems to set the tone for the entire day. George is downright *annoying*. He's loud, throwing careless words and insults around every time he leaves his room, only getting more and more on Sapnap's nerves as the day goes on.

Things come to a head later on in the afternoon though when Sapnap had stupidly thought he could invite George to help him make lunch for themselves and Dream who is cooped up in his room actually doing work unlike George.

“Oops,” George stares down at the hole in the pocket, kitchen scissors still clutched in his hand from where he had been cutting open packaging. He sets them down on the kitchen cabinet and wiggles his finger through the hole, sticking it out and wiggling it at Sapnap. “Oooo!”

“George!” Sapnap growls, anger burning through his veins as he zeros in on George, tossing down the food he’s holding onto the cabinet, exasperated and fucking done with his boyfriend.

“What? I didn’t mean to,” He shrugs dismissively, raising his eyebrows in that way that never fails to piss Sapnap off.

“You fucking did!”

“I didn’t, don’t be such a baby,” George giggles.

Sapnap seethes. “Why can’t you respect my shit?”

“You’re so dramatic, what just because I put a little hole in your stupid sweatshirt that’s ages old anyways-“

“No it’s because you don’t respect *me*, you stupid bitch!” Sapnap angrily reaches out, grabbing hold of George’s- *his* - hoodie. “Take it off.”

“No! Sapnap,” George giggles again. Fucking *giggles again* . “Stop!”

Why does he think everything is a joke? Why can’t he ever take him seriously?

Sapnap angrily pulls at the sleeve of his hoodie, jostling him around. “I’m not kidding George, seriously take it off.”

George’s eyebrows knit together in confusion. “Why?”

“Because you ruin everything!” Sapnap gives up pulling the shirt off of him, wadding up the sleeve in his hand and using it to push George away from him.

George falls into the table, the playful smile on his face falling with his confusion. “Sap?”

“Take off my hoodie,” He demands one last time, fist clenched at his side.

George scowls, finally starting to look pissed off. Good. Something inside of him wants George to get angry with him back. “No, I’ve been wearing it all day, what’s your problem? It’s just a little hole-”

Sapnap doesn’t think. He just shoves George again, pushing him further and further into the table.

George shoves back instinctually, frowning deeply. “Sapnap, stop-”

“All day long you’ve been a dick,” Sapnap points in accusation.

“You’re the one being a dick right now,” George growls defensively.

Sapnap rolls his eyes. “I hate when you act like this.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know George, like a whiney little asshole maybe? Just give me back my fucking hoodie and shut the fuck up,” He growls back. The words are harsh, crueler than what George’s actions call for, but he’s fucking angry. All day long George has been at it, and he’s tired of it.

George holds onto the hoodie like that’s going to stop him from taking it from him.

“You’re such an asshole, I said it was an accident,” George pouts. “I just want to wear it because-”

“So you can ruin it,” Sapnap interrupts, not really wanting to hear whatever reason George is about to come up with.

George’s eyes narrow. “Stop interrupting me! Stop!”

“Whatever, fine, keep the fucking hoodie. I hate you,” Sapnap gives up.

“You don’t mean that,” George stops, voice going cold.

He doesn’t. He doesn’t mean it at all, but the words have already come out of his mouth and there’s no taking them back now. “Maybe I do.”

George pushes into his space, a heat in his eyes that Sapnap hasn’t seen in a long, long time. For a second he thinks he’s going to hit him, and something inside him almost wishes he would. He thinks he’d like it if he did even, so Sapnap pushes him one last time. “Pussy.”

He’s not even sure why he said that, or why he’s doing this, why he’s picking a fight or antagonizing George like this.

“Sapnap,” George snaps, fury building in his face.

Sapnap pushes him again.

George smacks him.

The slap is resounding, louder than a crack of thunder as if lightning had struck the very floor they’re standing on.

Sapnap’s cheek aches, adrenaline running higher than he can comprehend. He’s almost dizzy with the high, immediately raising his palm to do the same. He likes *this*. *This* feels good, *this* feels normal. It’s better than the overly gentle way they’ve been treating him for months now, and he didn’t know how badly he’s craved it until this very moment.

Sapnap slaps the shit out of George, grinning despite the way his face throbs. His hand hurts with the force of the hit, whipping George’s head to the side the same as he had done to him.

George freezes, and Sapnap waits with bated breath. He hopes he swings on him next, he wants to feel his fist on him, mean hands that he misses so much— something he never thought he would miss but now he wants it more than anything.

Except it doesn’t come.

George’s shoulders slump, gaze carefully averted from Sapnap.

“... George?”

George doesn't respond. He doesn't move.

Sapnap swallows. "George."

George still doesn't say anything. Instead, he peels the hoodie from his body, revealing miles of pale skin marked with the occasional love bite from Sapnap's and Dream's teeth.

The confusion drains the intense energy from before as George holds the hoodie out for him, still not looking at him.

Sapnap doesn't take it. George presses it against his arm first and then his chest, only daring to look up at him when Sapnap still doesn't take it no matter how much he presses it against him.

He's shocked to see tears in George's eyes, wetting his lashes that clump together.

Sapnap's stomach drops to the floor at the sight.

"... George?" he asks hesitantly.

George's bottom lip trembles, holding back the best he can, and yet tears still slip down his face, wetting his red cheek. "Please just take it," he whispers.

Sapnap opens his mouth, wanting to say something, only to let it snap shut. He doesn't even know what he should say right now, or what he could. He's too stunned to even begin to comprehend what is happening right now.

He holds his hand out for lack of a better plan, and George dumps the hoodie into his hands, quickly wrapping his arms around his bare stomach. "I'll buy you a new one."

The hoodie is still warm from his skin as he quickly stalks away, leaving Sapnap dumbfounded and alone. All the heated anger and frustration that had been bubbling inside of him leaves with him.

Sapnap looks down the hall, only to see the door to George's bedroom shut quietly. He had half expected him to go straight to Dream, not just quietly walk away like that.

The entire interaction leaves him feeling... empty. Confused, but mostly empty.

Sapnap frowns at his hoodie, examining the hole in the pocket that George had put. It's not even a very big hole, just enough for him to stick his finger through, but it's still there all the same. A low simmer of anger sizzles at the sight, but fizzles out instantly at how George had cried.

He sets it down on the table, shaking his head. Whatever that was was probably fine. It's nothing. George is just being...

He can't even finish the sentence.

Sapnap tries to go back to fixing lunch. He puts away the knife George had been using and opens the package correctly, piling a pan full of little bagel pizzas. He arranges them haphazardly, unable to think clearly as he slides them into the oven.

He stares at the timer on the stove for nearly five minutes before realizing it isn't even on.

With a frustrated groan, Sapnap yanks the pan out of the oven and turns it on this time, letting it heat up. He keeps looking around the kitchen the entire time he does so, like George is going to

magically pop out from behind something and go back to his annoying self. He never does.

When the oven beeps, Sapnap slides the food in and sets a timer, awkwardly leaning against the cabinets as he opens his text messages to George. He starts to write one out, only to backtrack immediately, because he still doesn't know what to say. Why would he just leave like that? Why wouldn't he stick around and duke it out like they always do? It's *what* they do. Fist fights have become a strange way for them to flirt, one that's even extended some to Dream over the past few months. They play wrestle and throw a few punches, get a couple of kicks in, and it almost always ends up with someone getting fucked.

But was that Sapnap's goal this time around?

He isn't sure. He was just so frustrated, and annoyed, and he wanted George to... *do* something, react, anything.

Anything but cry.

Sapnap slumps down, guilt gnawing at the back of his neck and down his spine. He takes a second, considering George's mood. He had been so happy this morning, annoying as hell, but happy. Sapnap had changed that so quickly.

Fuck.

Before he knows it, the oven is beeping once again and it's time to take the little pizzas out, setting the hot pan on the stovetop so he can get plates out and drinks until they're cool enough to touch.

He debates on fixing a plate for George, but decides in the end to go ahead and do it, even giving him ten bagel pizzas instead of nine as a small, quiet 'I'm sorry'. He gives Dream nine and himself eight, grabbing Dream one of his fancy water bottles from the fridge and George one of his peach iced teas he likes so much.

Doing his best to balance everything, Sapnap slips the drinks into his pockets and loads his arms with the plates, awkwardly waddling his way down the hall.

Stopping at George's room first, Sapnap takes a deep breath, mentally preparing himself for whatever it is that's about to greet him, and knocks.

Silence.

Sapnap knocks again. "George? Pizzas done," he calls.

No response. Not a grunt or a thump from behind the door, or even a quick okay.

Sapnap bristles, torn between the guilt of making George cry and the annoyance that comes from being ignored.

"I'll leave them outside your door, okay? You better get it before Patches does!" Sapnap warns, setting the plate down outside the door and his bottle of tea.

Still, no response.

Sapnap steams a bit at that. He's trying to apologize, dammit. Sometimes George makes him want to grab the man by his shoulders and shake him a little.

Whatever. He looks around the hallway for any signs of Patches, not really wanting to know what

would happen if she got ahold of an entire plate of bagel bites. Shit in his office again, probably.

When she doesn't come running, Sapnap frowns and heads over to Dream's room next, hitting his ankle against the door. "Lemme in."

Unlike George, Dream listens to him. A few seconds later, the door swings open, Dream giving him a bright, pretty smile. "Hi."

"Hi," Sapnap grins softly. His boyfriend is so adorable. He's freshly showered, curls wilder than ever without the infamous cat beanie to smother them down. His eyes are bright, cheeks flush as

Sapnap leans in to give him a kiss on the cheek. "Brought you lunch."

"Thank you," Dream takes the plate with him gratefully. "I'm starving."

"How long have you been working for?" Sapnap asks conversationally as he enters the room, setting Dream's water bottle on his desk for him before taking a seat with his own plate on his bed.

"Not long just like..." Dream looks at the time. "Six hours."

Sapnap quirks an eyebrow up at him, watching the idiot shove an entire bagel bite into his mouth and immediately start panting around it. "Hot!"

"Duh," Sapnap giggles.

Dream eventually swallows it down, and goes straight for another, making Sapnap laugh even more. "Do you not learn?"

"Nope," He chews with his mouth open as if that will help. "Where's George, what's he doing?"

"Um... In his room I think," Sapnap answers, that familiar boulder of guilt settling in his stomach.

"Oh, did he not want to come eat with us?" Dream tilts his head.

"Guess not," Sapnap takes a bite of his food.

"Hm. I miss him," Dream comments.

Sapnap hums in agreement and goes back to his food. The entire time they eat and chat though, he kind of feels like throwing up. Every time they laugh he thinks of George crying, every time he finishes a bagel bite he thinks of the pile that's surely still sitting outside his door, slowly growing cold.

As Dream finishes off his food, Sapnap takes his plate for him and tosses it into the bin beside the bed, promising Dream he'll take the trash out later in all the rooms so the house doesn't smell.

"Ugh, I don't want to get back to work," Dream complains dramatically.

"So don't, spend the day with me instead," Sapnap offers.

"Hmm. Tempting. Maybe we can all three go do something later? I don't really care what it is, we could go to Target or Walmart or... something, I don't know, I just wanna get out of the *houseeee*," he groans. "The movies! Disney? The uh- the Harry Potter one. We could... go to the park? Eh?"

Sapnap smiles. "That sounds like fun."

"Which part?"

"... Spending time with you," he answers simply.

Dream softens like butter that's been left in the sun. His entire demeanor changes, getting a goofy smile on his face. "Really?"

"Yes, idiot," Sapnap suppresses a smile.

"Wanna go get George and I'll finish up real quick? Then we can go find something we all want to do."

Sapnap's stomach drops once again. "... Maybe you should go get George, not me."

He kind of feels like he did when he was younger, fighting with a sibling and knowing he's in the wrong. Now he's trying to send Daddy Dream in to fix things, and with one look at Dream's face he knows that isn't going to work.

"What happened?"

Sapnap looks down at his lap. "We had a fight earlier."

"About?"

Sapnap hesitates as he tries to gather his thoughts before he launches into an explanation. He does his best to tell it chronologically, starting with how irritated he was this morning to the incident in the kitchen just now. The more he talks though, the worse he feels, and by the time he finishes he feels like he's ready to cry. "I just don't get it. Why wouldn't he fight back?"

"That's the part you're upset about?" Dream quirks an eyebrow in judgement up at him. Sapnap hates when he does that, like he's the most wisest, rational guy in the whole world. He's not, dammit. Dream is just as bad as him and George and they know it, so he has no right to judge him right now.

"Yeah, it is," Sapnap snaps.

He regrets his tone the second it's out of his mouth. His jaw snaps shut, squared tight against the tears but it's too late. Whether from anger or something else, they drip down his cheeks and wet his lashes and he wants to snarl when Dream quickly moves to come sit next to him on the bed, wrapping him up in a hug like he's made of delicate porcelain. It infuriates him.

"You've both been so fucking gentle with me," Sapnap blubbers. "I just wanted you to stop treating me like that! I'm not breakable."

"No one said you were," Dream kisses his temple, squeezing his arms around him tightly. "We've been so gentle with you because we love you. That's how you treat the people you love, Pandas." His words are so fucking kind, dripping with patience that makes Sapnap want to scream. He doesn't understand.

Sapnap squares his jaw and looks at Dream. "That's not how me and George have though. We've always been mean to each other."

"But Sap, I think you took it too far this time," Dream says gently. "You need to apologize."

Sapnap simmers like water that's been left boiling on high. He feels like could combust he's so overwhelmed.

"How do you know I'm in the wrong, huh?" he snips, digging his words into his best friend so he can hurt him even just a little. "What if you're just taking George's side all over again."

The room falls silent. Sapnap thinks the guilt could eat him alive at that very moment, churning inside of him till he feels sick. He regrets lashing out immediately, looking up just in time to see the hurt flash across Dream's face.

"... You're right. I'm sorry," Dream's shoulders drop.

"No! No, I'm sorry, okay?" Sapnap groans. "Fuck. *I'm* sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

"You're right though, this happened last time you guys fought too. I shouldn't-"

"You're right! I'm being an asshole," Sapnap groans again, pushing himself against Dream so the man can't pull away. "I feel like shit."

"... Have you tried talking to George?"

"I took him food," Sapnap shrugs. "He didn't answer."

"Maybe you should go actually talk to him though. Like go in his room," Dream sighs.

Sapnap purses his lips. He honestly doesn't know why Dream puts him with him and George half the time.

"Okay," he sighs, resigned. He still doesn't move immediately though. Instead, he half wraps his arms around Dream, holding him close for a second longer. He's warm, solid and sturdy, and if he could he would never leave his arms no matter how pissed off or upset he gets.

"I'm sorry," Sapnap sighs.

"It's okay," Dream assures instantly without a second thought, always forgiving when it comes to him and George. They could do anything and Dream would forgive them without a second thought.

"I guess I better go."

"Yeah. George needs you."

The thought makes his heart heavy. "I'm scared."

"You'll be fine," Dream knocks his hat off so he can kiss his hair. Sapnap grunts in disapproval, but he replaces it as soon as he's done, pushing it down over his curls.

Before he's ready, Dream is pulling away from him and pushing him gently, urging him to go talk to George.

Dread fills his entire body as he stands up and he kind of wants to puke just thinking about it.

"Go," Dream pushes him a little. "Maybe later tonight we can go do something okay? Not right now though."

"I'm not gonna bring that up, promise," Sapnap sighs. Dream knows him too well, he had already been thinking about using their outing as an excuse to talk to George. Dream taking that away from

him though leaves the only option being to talk about what happened earlier.

“I love you,” Dream offers unhelpfully.

“Yeah yeah, love you too,” Sapnap grumbles as he walks to the door, each step feeling like a march towards certain death. He keeps the door open as he leaves Dream’s room. Usually he has better manners than that, but by leaving it open it makes him feel less alone as he traverses the hallway once more.

The pizza is still on the floor with his drink, cold and ignored. Sapnap only feels even worse at the sight. George had been so excited for those stupid fucking little pizzas. They aren’t even that good! He only fixed them all some because George said he wanted them in the first place.

Sapnap sighs and scoots the plate to the side for lack of a better place to put it. He’ll pick it up later when he isn’t in the middle of something, maybe by then George will feel like eating it.

Sapnap takes a deep breath, raises his fist to knock and then pauses.

Fuck that.

He goes straight for the doorknob. The door isn’t locked, so he twists it open and steps inside.

The room is dark, the curtains drawn tight. The midnight blue sheets blend in with the shadows in the room but Sapnap can faintly make out a lump laying in the middle of the bed beneath the piles of blankets and the fluffy comforter. George tries to freeze, but it’s too late, and Sapnap already knows exactly where he’s at.

“George?” Sapnap calls softly.

He grunts.

There’s trepidation tugging on his core with every step he takes, Sapnap makes his way into George’s room further. He isn’t exactly sure where he should sit, and as much as he’d like to sit on the bed next to him, it feels like an invasion of George’s space— even more so than barging into his room, so instead, Sapnap takes a seat beside the bed. He folds his legs neatly, criss-cross apple sauce and as he looks up to George, he finally notices the other in the bed with him.

Sapnap smiles at the sight, stomach warm at how cute they are together. He should have known Patches would be in here when she didn’t come running for the bagel bites in the hallway. She’s curled up against George’s stomach snoozing away, oblivious to the emotional turmoil around her.

He reaches out, gently running his fingers through her fur before looking up to George.

The man is huddled up underneath his blankets, nose and cheeks red and eyes still wet.

“Hi,” Sapnap gulps.

George doesn’t reply.

“Can we talk?” Sapnap asks.

“I’m sorry,” George replies miserably, squeezing the pillow beneath his head. “I’m sorry.”

Sapnap’s heart pangs so hard he can feel it in his fingertips. “Why are you sorry? I’m the one that came to apologize.”

“I shouldn’t have hit you,” George sniffles. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.”

They both know that isn’t necessarily true, George absolutely did mean to hit him, but he phrases it just so that he won’t have to say what actually happened. Sapnap can’t let him do that, that wouldn’t be fair.

“I pushed you to do it. I wanted you to. And I wasn’t going to stop until you did,” Sapnap admits.

George wipes at his nose, grossly soaking up his snot with his sleeve. “Still. I hit you first.”

“So? How many times have we done shit like this? It’s okay, we hit each other all the time.”

It isn’t necessarily a good thing, but it’s a *them* thing.

George doesn’t say anything, and his guilt is written all over his face.

“I’m sorry I made it such a big deal and egged you on. I wanted a fight and I took it out on you,” Sapnap spits the words out despite his pride.

“It’s okay—”

Sapnap thinks back to Dream’s words.

‘We’ve been so gentle with you because we love you. That’s how you treat the people you love, Pandas.’

“It’s not okay,” Sapnap says with finality. “I shouldn’t treat you like that. I love you, I shouldn’t push you around and stuff like that or... want to hit you.”

George scoffs a little at that. “I want to hit you too sometimes. I just... I’m scared I’m going to take it too far again.”

Sapnap purses his lips, playing with Patches’s ear. “I don’t like how gentle you are with me sometimes. And you were being annoying this morning and that’s why I did— I did what I did.”

George squeezes his eyes shut again as if he’s holding back tears. “I’m sorry.”

“No you aren’t—” Sapnap sighs with frustration. He can’t get the words out or get George to understand what he’s trying to say. “You aren’t the only one that has to apologize all the time. I can be in the wrong too, and I was, okay? So... I’m sorry.”

George opens his eyes again, looking at Sapnap cautiously.

Sapnap shifts uncomfortably under his heavy gaze.

“Oh.” George replies lamely.

“Oh?” Sapnap tilts his head.

George shrugs. “I don’t know. I don’t know what to say.”

“Oh,” Sapnap echoes. He supposes he doesn’t really know what to say either.

The silence is filled with nuance that Sapnap isn’t sure he could put a name to. The air is so heavy it almost feels suffocating and he knows he should say something more but he isn’t sure what.

Finally, what feels like an eternity later, something comes to mind.

Sapnap turns to George once again and asks the question that seems to haunt them every time they have a scuffle like this.

“Do you think we’re ever going to stop hurting each other?”

“I don’t know,” George replies miserably. “It’s not even the fact that we push each other around and stuff.”

“I kind of like that part,” Sapnap admits shyly. “Most the time. We take it kind of far but... It’s fun.”

“It is huh,” George grins softly. “Maybe we should just...”

“Watch what we say to each other?” George offers.

Sapnap nods. “Maybe stop over reacting too,” Sapnap plays with his fingers in his lap as they both mull over what’s been said. “Why did you do it though? Tear up my hoodie?”

George looks ashamed. “It really was an accident, there was already a hole and I pulled at the string around it and it unraveled.”

“I thought you cut it,” Sapnap frowns.

“Well. To be fair I was holding scissors. And I stuck my finger in it and made it worse. And I knew you would be upset about it and I teased you anyways.”

Sapnap looks down at his hands folded in his lap. “I’m really sorry I hit you. And shoved you. And said those things.”

“You were right though,” George sighs. He sounds so resigned there’s even a light, airy note in his voice as he says “I do ruin everything.”

Sapnap flinches as his words are thrown back at him so casually. He can’t even deny saying it because he knows he spit those words out to try and hurt George who always seems so unfazed by everything that comes out of his mouth.

“You don’t.” Sapnap insists, throat tight.

“I do. I know I do. I just wanted to wear your hoodie so it would feel like you were sitting with me while I edited and then I couldn’t focus and I missed you so I annoyed you and I ruined your hoodie and I started another fight. It kind of feels like no matter what I ever do I’m always going to mess up somehow.”

“That’s not true,” Sapnap insists.

George doesn’t reply. The agree to disagree is silent but palpable.

“George, it isn’t true.”

“Whatever. It’s fine,” George brushes him off with finality in his words, leaving no room for further argument.

“... I love you, you know,” Sapnap offers. He doesn’t know what else to say, but the words are sweet and sincere, and finally the permanent melancholic look on George’s face shifts just enough

to give him hope.

“I know,” George jokes with a scoff instead of saying it back. For once Sapnap doesn’t find it too annoying though. He’s just glad to see George smile even if it doesn’t fully reach his eyes.

Silence falls after that, brooding cloying as they each mull over the events of today. Sapnap still feels like he should say something more, but the words aren’t coming and talking about anything else seems cheap so he refrains. It leaves an awkward tension between them packed full to the brim of things neither one are willing to say or hear.

“Can we move on?” George asks finally, having had enough of it.

“Move on to what?” Sapnap asks. “We’ll just keep coming back to it till we talk.”

George purses his lips, thinking. “Maybe we need therapy or something.”

That startles a laugh out of Sapnap. It’s the last thing he ever expected George to suggest, but honestly now that it’s been suggested he finds that he’s not opposed to the idea. “Maybe we do.”

“For now can’t we just like, make up, have sex, and pretend this didn’t happen?” George asks quietly, face pressed tight into his pillow. “I’ll bottom if you want.”

Sapnap frowns. “Does everything always have to end in sex?”

George pauses, then rubs his face into his pillow. “... I guess not. Feels like it should though, it’s how it always does.”

“Well, what we always do together doesn’t always turn out the best, so maybe we should skip that.”

George smiles a little. “Okay. I’d like that.”

“Kay. You should still bottom for me next time, but like... just not right now,” Sapnap jokes, earning a small laugh from George that eases the pain in his chest.

“No promises,” George hums, but he doesn’t outright say no, so Sapnap counts it as a win.

“Can I go get Dream and we can cuddle?” He asks.

“Yeah, better go tell him we didn’t kill each other yet,” George sighs, rolling over onto his back.

Sapnap chuckles, pushing himself up and off the floor. He doesn’t say anything else as he leaves, but he leaves the door open, a silent assurance that he’ll be right back.

Quickly, he goes to Dream’s room, the door still cracked from when he had left what seems like forever ago.

The second he pushes the door open, Dream looks up at him from his desk, headphones off with a red face and a guilty expression.

“Were you listening in?” Sapnap giggles.

“No!” he denies, standing immediately. “Let’s go cuddle.”

“So you were listening!” Sapnap laughs even harder. “You literally just outed yourself.”

Dream rolls his eyes. “Ugh. Okay, whatever I was, now lets go,” he says as he strides over, taking Sapnap’s hand in his and quickly tugs him down the hall to George’s bedroom.

A moment of realization washes over him as they fall into bed with George, pushing him over into the middle so they can squeeze around him in the small bed. They always come back to George’s room. It’s where everything started what seems like a million years ago when he had picked a fight and hid in his room. The stark contrast of them beating the shit out of each other compared to how Sapnap rests his head on his shoulder and wraps his arms around his waist is laughable.

Dream lays his head beside Sapnap’s, bright green eyes staring at him over George. Sapnap can’t help but lean over and steal a quick kiss from him. “You still owe me like... nine hundred more kisses by the way,” he teases.

Dream’s face lights up. “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah,” Sapnap squeezes George’s waist.

“Lemme fix that then,” Dream immediately launches himself over George’s chest like an over eager puppy, mouth hitting Sapnap’s cheek so hard it hurts with how excited he is to presses kisses all over his face.

“Can you not,” George grumbles, squirming between them.

Sapnap laughs hysterically at all the kisses, wiggling away at the ticklish feeling of Dream’s beard scratching over his entire face with his efforts.

“You’re just jealous!” Sapnap yelps.

“Oh no George is jealous?” Dream sits up with a mischievous look in his eyes. “We better fix it huh?”

“You’re right we should, come’re Georgie,” Sapnap grins, using his waist to hold him still as him and Dream laugh their coordinated attack.

George doesn’t stand a chance. Within seconds the sour look on his face is replaced with a scrunched up nose and a grin before laughs bubble out of him with each kiss that’s smooched onto his cheeks, nose and lips. He laughs until he’s breathless, a hand in both Sapnap’s hair and Dream’s, trying and failing to pull them away. It’s not completely perfect, they still have work to do, but for now things are alright and that’s enough for him.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought now that it's over! My twitter is @Janetbaby99 if you wanna be friends :D

End Notes

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